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THERE are few signs of any real rapprochement between Bulgaria and her allies. Bulgaria maintains her refusal to consider any modification of the terms of the treaty by which the to-be-conquered territory was partitioned amongst the Allies before the outbreak of the war. For having even talked of concessions M. Gueshoff has been forced to resign the Premiership. Negotiations, however, are to continue—though upon what basis is not very clear—and that is as hopeful a sign as could be looked for.

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Referring to the view which we expressed last week that the first serious conflict between the Bulgarian forces and those of Greece and Servia should be the signal for armed intervention on an effective scale, a correspondent writes accusing us of militarist tendencies. If, as the writer suggests, anti-militarism means being content to let other nations fight amongst themselves as much as they please so long as we can keep out of it, then we must confess we have little sympathy with, or indeed respect for, anti-militarism. But we maintain that it does not mean that. In the sense in which our correspondent uses the term (*i.e.*, as practically synonymous with "pacifism"), its object is not merely to save ourselves the trouble and expense of a war, but to prevent war everywhere; and the only way by which war can conceivably be prevented everywhere is by the establishment of something in the nature of an international police force. To shirk our national responsibilities in this direction would be to renounce that common interest which we share with the rest of Europe in the maintenance of universal peace.

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One of the most valuable results of the recent series of international crises is that they have shown that the temporary formation, at least, of such a force is quite within the region of possibility. When Sir Edward Grey, ten days ago, ordered Greece and Servia in the name of Europe to sign the preliminary treaty of peace with Turkey without further delay, he was in effect acting the part of the policeman; and in so doing he set up a precedent of vast importance. But unless he is prepared to follow up that action by intervening forcefully to prevent a new war between the Allies, all the efforts he has made, and the successes he has achieved up to the present, will be thrown away. A year ago there might have been grounds for doubting whether such intervention could possibly be effective, or could lead to anything but a general European conflagration. But the experience of the last few months has shown that thanks to Sir Edward Grey the Concert of Europe is once more a reality, that the Great Powers are genuinely anxious to preserve peace, and that they are quite capable of taking joint armed action "on an effective scale" to that end without serious risk of quarrelling amongst themselves. At all events, it is certain that until Europe is willing and able not merely to hold conferences at The Hague, but to take common armed action against any individual state which threatens a breach of the peace, the voice of anti-militarism will be the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

Although several questions have been put to him on the subject, the Prime Minister has so far declined to give any indication as to how he intends to redeem his promise to the electors of Altrincham to amend the Insurance Act. In the meantime Mr. Harold Spender has been endeavouring to prove in the *Daily News* that the difficulties arising out of the working of the Act "are mainly questions of administration which will straighten themselves out with the process of time." This contention, if it were borne out by the facts, would involve a condemnation of the work of the Commissioners which those greatly harassed officials certainly do not deserve. Mr. Lloyd George has been well served. If the Act could have been made to work satisfactorily, it would have been. The powers of the Commissioners are wide enough in all conscience, but they are hardly sufficient to get over those defects which are bound up with the very structure of the scheme, and which are causing the gravest part of the dissatisfaction.

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We have already discussed the chief of these defects in some detail; but perhaps we shall do well to state them briefly once more. First, there is the indefensible deduction of fourpence a week from incomes which, in the case of hundreds of thousands of agricultural labourers and other underpaid wage-earners, are already insufficient for the adequate maintenance of a family. Second, there is the plight of the casual labourer who, under the Act as it stands, can be, and is, forced by his employer to pay the latter's contribution as well as his own. Third, there is the injustice to women and children involved in a reduction in the family income for the purpose (apart from maternity benefit) of providing doctoring for one member of the family group alone. Fourth, there is the failure of the arrangements for medical treatment which, whilst leaving the more serious ailments unprovided for, have led to a vast extension of the worthless "bottle-of-medicine" system for most of the rest. Finally, there are the confusion arising from the overlapping functions of the Local Insurance Committees and the older Public Health Committees, and the threatened bankruptcy of hundreds of "approved societies." None of these difficulties and defects, except perhaps the last, can be overcome without resort to legislation, including more ample financial provision. We repeat once more our conviction that the estimated contribution of the State will have to be doubled before the legitimate causes of discontent can be removed.

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The peculiarity of the struggle which is taking place between Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. McKenna lies in the fact that all the risk and all the chances of victory are on one side. Mrs. Pankhurst may die, but she cannot lose. Mr. McKenna runs no immediate risk of being killed, but he cannot win. Was there ever a stranger or more tragic duel? Meanwhile, the Suffragettes are holding a most successful summer Fair at the Empress Rooms. As to which it is our duty to point out that those who pay for admission or make purchases at the stalls will certainly be contributing to the funds of the Women's Social and Political Union, and thereby inviting, if not the professional attentions of the Public Prosecutor, at least his serious displeasure.

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We do not know how serious Mrs. Pankhurst's condition is at the moment, but it is asserted that she was released for the second time on Friday of last week, after having been in prison only three days, on account of the development of heart weakness. If this be true, there seems little doubt that sooner or later—probably sooner—unless the authorities openly climb down, she will succeed in laying her death at their door. We presume Mr. McKenna realises what this would mean, and what its effect would be upon all sections, militant and non-militant alike, of the women's movement. If he does not, it is high time he took pains to inform himself on the subject. He desires, of course, to prevent the duel having a fatal termination, but there are signs that his desire is not sufficiently ardent to have impressed itself on all his subordinates, and that the somewhat rough-and-ready methods of the police in dealing with a delicate but utterly determined woman may frustrate it.

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The Underwood Tariff Bill is making a passage that can only be described as wonderful, considering the tremendous interests it has to overcome. The Democratic Party has consented to withdraw the objectionable clauses relating to the examination of foreign producers' accounts and the penalisation of foreign shipping; and this week we are entertained by the spectacle of the over-Protected industries being compelled to ask for even more Free Trade than the Bill threatens them with. The Bill reduced the duties on some finished articles, but left the duties on the raw materials of which they are made. Flour, for example, was freed, but wheat was charged with a duty of ten cents a bushel. From the first, the unfairness of this arrangement has been apparent. The millers could only re-adjust matters to meet the competition of Canadian flour mills, either by getting the flour duty restored or the wheat duty wiped out. They have mildly chosen the latter course, and the President smilingly assents.

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The meagre telegrams recording the progress of the Indian railway strike have been so obviously biassed that there will be no possibility of estimating the situation until the arrival of the mail. It would appear that sectional stoppages took place at the end of May on the Madras and Southern Mahratta, the Bombay-Baroda, and the Great Indian Peninsula systems, preluding the calling of a general strike by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of India. Last week the lower ranks of employees on the southern line secured an immediate rise of wages, and this success seems to have had the natural result of stimulating the strikes elsewhere. The response to the general call has evidently been less widespread than the executive of the Union anticipated, but the train services, including the mails, have been seriously interrupted. The trouble has been brewing for several months. In April, for example, the Southern Mahratta Company narrowly escaped a strike over a test case of a native brakesman,

a demand for higher wages in the traffic branch, and a claim for the recognition of the Union; that is, a set of circumstances exactly parallel with those in England during the past two years. The conditions of labour may be illustrated by the fact that a guard on the M. and S.M. Railway begins at Rs. 40 (£2 13s. 4d.) a month, and must work for fifteen years or so before he has doubled that wage.

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On the vexed question of whether the death of Mr. Alfred Austin should also be the death of the Laureateship it should be borne in mind that if we go back to first principles it is the poet who should appoint the king, and not the king the poet. Consequently the institution of the Laureateship has no eternal roots; and its abolition would be the abolition of a fundamental anomaly. But still, as far as it goes, it is, as Mr. Maurice Hewlett says, an official recognition of poetry. The practical difference is that the great poets will not accept it (on first principles as above); and the minor poets make it ridiculous. At Tennyson's death Morris and Swinburne were obviously the greatest English living poets. Morris was sounded on the subject, and refused. Swinburne could not very well accept, his speciality in the matter of kings being regicide. The best poets being thus out of the running, there was nothing for it but to choose the worst or abolish the post. We suggest that to avoid these invidious selections the job should be put into commission. Three or four of the existing claims are fairly equal.

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A remarkable article dealing with the "White Slave Traffic" appears in the current issue of the *English Review*. The writer, Mrs. Billington-Greig, set herself some months ago to investigate the available facts. With this object she approached all the most prominent speakers and writers who took part in the agitation, the members of last year's Pass-the-Bill Committee, a large number of social workers, magistrates, police-court missionaries and M.P.'s, the chief constables of all the cities where forcible abductions were alleged to have taken place, the officials of all "Vigilance" and kindred associations, including the Church Army, the Salvation Army, Girls' Clubs, Women Settlements and women's organisations of all kinds, the Editor of the *Awakener* (a periodical devoted to this subject), and all the correspondents of this and other papers who had made definite allegations, and whose addresses could be obtained.

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The result of this exhaustive inquiry is to reveal the fact that there is not, and apparently has not been in recent years at all events, a single known case in which a girl has been trapped into the White Slave Traffic in this country against her will. There are cases of seduction and of bogus advertisements enticing girls abroad, but the stories of trapping, forcible detention and outrage, which gave rise to last year's agitation and led amongst other things to the re-introduction of flogging, turn out to be without any basis in fact whatever. Such definite allegations—and they were extraordinarily few in number—as Mrs. Billington-Greig received proved incapable of surviving even the most superficial investigation; whilst all the more responsible and informed of the officials and organisations that she approached were at one in declaring that they had never in the course of their experience come across or heard of a genuine case of trapping. Comment seems to be needless. We can only express our obligation to Mrs. Billington-Greig for having exposed the most disgraceful piece of scare-mongering that has ever deceived a credulous public, and wish her article the widest possible circulation.

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The police magistrate's habit in minor criminal cases of accepting the word of the police on all disputed points is doubtless based on experience and leads more often than not to justice being done. But it must not be overlooked that the alliance between judge and accusers which in effect almost always exists in these lower courts is theoretically indefensible and practically very dangerous. It is impossible to demand that the bench should not be on more or less friendly terms with the police, who appear before them every day; but we are getting far too familiar with the procedure of trying to smother up cases where the integrity or judgment of the police is shown to be at fault, and it is the duty of the public to insist that magistrates should at least restrain their tendency to support the police within reasonable bounds. A case where these bounds were clearly overstepped occurred the other day.

* * *

A young German named Arthur Blattner was arrested at Grimsby on a charge of fraud committed in Germany. When he was brought up on remand at Bow Street a police inspector announced that, having made inquiries, he was satisfied that the prisoner was not the man they wanted; that he had, in fact, been arrested in mistake for his brother, owing to the Hamburg police having omitted to furnish a description. Mistakes of this kind will, of course, occur; and failing any power on the part of the magistrate to grant damages for wrongful detention, an apology offered to the prisoner and a rebuke administered to the police would have fairly met the justice of the case. But, instead of doing this, the magistrate told Blattner, in ordering his discharge, that "he ought to be grateful to the inspector for all the trouble he had taken to establish his innocence."

* * *

This is really going rather far. We are to be asked, it seems, not only to accept a constable's word without question and to refuse to give publicity when he is proved guilty of errors—or, maybe, something worse—but to express gratitude that his mistakes are sometimes admitted and innocent men thus saved from prison. The ordinary middle-class newspaper reader, it is to be feared, does not pay much attention to cases of this sort. If he notices them at all he is inclined to take the magistrate's view and to offer up another prayer of thanksgiving for "the finest body of police in the world." Which, after all, is quite natural. How can the ordinary respectable well-dressed individual for whom the London police reserve their most admirable manners and their most tactful assistance be expected to realise that the

same police force exists primarily to secure convictions for crime, and has an altogether different way of treating those classes from which criminals are ordinarily drawn or manufactured? To spend a day or so tramping, in London or outside of it, in shabby clothes and broken boots is to gain an entirely new impression of the police. It is an experience which we would have every police magistrate go through by way of qualification for his office.

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Few people realise how much it costs to make them buy what they do not really need. There are many articles on the market, patented articles mainly, for which absurdly high prices are charged. The manufacturers endeavour to bind retailers to sell them at no less than the price fixed at the source, and they also adopt every possible means to persuade the public that the goods are really worth the money. Protests by retailers are not unknown in this country; and a decision just announced by the Supreme Court of the United States shows that even in that country an attempt has been made to break through the fence. The law, moreover, is on the side of the general public: the Supreme Court has decided that patented articles sold by manufacturers with price restrictions may lawfully be retailed at "cut" rates. A newly-patented nerve tonic was the subject of the decision, which, of course, affects a great number of other articles, such as safety razors and talking machines. The producers may retaliate, with more or less success, by refusing to supply the retailers who decline to aid them in maintaining the high prices, and in this the producers enjoy the natural sympathy of all those businesses that look to advertisers for their main revenues.

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We do not know how the proportion works out in America; but in this country the Census of Production has provided an approximately correct means of estimating how much is spent upon the advertising of goods that depend very largely for their sales upon the method and manner in which they are offered to the public. Part III. of the Preliminary Tables of this Census gives the "nett output per person employed" in the hosiery industry, for example, as £62. The figure is arrived at by taking the difference between the cost of material and the price at which the goods are sold and dividing it by the number of persons employed in making and marketing the goods. In hosiery the result is £62, in china and earthenware £68, and so on; but in the case of chemicals, coal-tar products, drugs and perfumery it jumps up to £185, and in the case of ink, gum and sealing-wax it is as high as £318. The explanation given in the Census Report is that the high figures "result from the inclusion of a considerable quantity of proprietary articles which involve heavy expenses of sale and advertisement." A rough calculation indicates that out of every sovereign the purchaser pays for a much-advertised article, thirteen shillings and fourpence goes to repay the cost of pushing and advertising the sales and of putting up the goods in attractive form—in other words, of inducing the purchaser to buy it in preference to something else.

ULSTER

WHAT Ulster wants requires a little more consideration than it is receiving at present. So far, we have on one side the determination that whatever Ulster wants she must go without, and on the other that whatever the three other provinces want they are not to have on any account. It would be wiser to define what Ulster wants, and then ask her whether she really wants it. Also whether the other provinces seriously object to her having it.

Of course, if Ulster wants the *status quo* she cannot have it. We are not going to begin another century of Nationalist controversy because Ulster has nothing more intelligent and mannerly to say than "We won't have it." The rest of Ireland says, "We will have it"; and there is nothing practical to be discussed except how far Ulster can be left out of the arrangement.

The worst difficulties of the situation are the result of the gross moral cowardice and vote-serving of the cultivated classes both in England and Ireland. They have allowed the children of Ulster to be brought up without remonstrance or rebuke in that blasphemous irreligion which consists in believing that all those who worship by a ritual different to that used by the child's parents are abhorred of God, and will, on their death, be burned throughout eternity in a literal hell of burning brimstone. If an Ulster Protestant child expressed the smallest scepticism as to this it would be beaten as severely as if it had done its Christian duty by asking God to bless the Pope. That is what it is taught by its parents, by its schoolmasters, by its pastors, and by a disgraceful silence which is taken as assent, and is meant to be so taken, on the part of our temporal and spiritual peers, our statesmen, our Press, our learned liberal professions and, in short, all those whose plain duty it is to repudiate such abominable rubbish by every means in their power until the ignorant become aware that what they imagine to be their religion is nothing but their rancour and their share in the guilt of the crucifixion.

But for the present generation at least this mischief is irrevocably done; and we must deal with Ulster, for the purpose of the Home Rule Bill, as *in partibus infidelium*. We must also bear in mind that political opinion in Ulster is not a matter of talk and bluff, as it is in England. No English Home Ruler has the faintest intention, in any event, of throwing actual paving stones at any English Unionist. If Mr. Bonar Law were to take up the mace and smite Mr. Redmond with it, his followers in the House of Commons would not only be horrified and scandalised: they would be boundlessly astonished, and convinced that Mr. Bonar Law had lost his senses. The Ulsterman is not like that. He is inured to violence. He has thrown stones, and been hit by them. He has battered his political opponent with fist and stick, and been battered himself in the same manner. Give him a machine gun, and he will not recoil with horror from the idea of mowing down his fellow-townsmen with it; on the contrary, he will be delighted to substitute machinery for handwork;

and he will not entertain a doubt that his views are completely reciprocated by the other side. He has to avenge not only the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the wrongs of Maria Monk, but personal insults, injuries, and bloodlettings of quite recent date and of considerable frequency. Consequently, when he sings "O God, our help in ages past," he means business. And there is a strength in his rancour which lifts it above rancour. The Ulster Protestant believes that what he calls Popery will destroy his character and make him weak and worthless. To him a Catholic is a liar, a slacker, and the slave of a priest. He may himself have all the faults of which he accuses the Catholic, and be the slave of an employer whose brazen rapacity and indifference to the interests of his workpeople no priest dare imitate; but that does not trouble him: his theme is his neighbour's failings, not his own. He fights, therefore, not only as a fanatic, but as a stern moralist. Nothing less like the bluff of political faction in England can be conceived. It is possible that the Ulsterman should be exterminated as an intolerable, unamiable, unneighbourly, unsocial, unclubbable person; but as that is a job which no English Government is prepared to undertake, the alternative seems to be to comply with his demands short of exterminating all the Catholics, which, though it is what he would like, is also impracticable.

Why not, then, make the ultra-Protestant corner of Ulster an *enclave* of England, like that little *enclave* of Spain which exists, surrounded by French territory, on the north slope of the Pyrenees? There need be no difficulty in calling the County Down Downshire, and placing it exactly on the footing of Cheshire, under the English Local Government Board, the English Board of Education, and so on. The arrangement would include the advantage of an established Anglican Church. Ulster would not then be betrayed and deserted by England. She would be more English than she has ever been. She would have not only union, but identity. She would have English liberty (such as it is) instead of Castle rule. She would be getting more than she has dreamt of asking for. And her Catholics might hope at least for English security, which is more than they enjoy at present.

The advantage to the Dublin Parliament would be considerable. It would be saved from the curse of a Unionist Opposition. What that would mean may be imagined if we try to picture the present House of Commons with no Opposition except the Irish Party. An Irish Parliament without a Protestant element in it would be a grave misfortune; but an Irish Parliament in which the Protestants were all Unionists would be still worse. Let Belfast send its stalwarts to Westminster instead of to College Green, and all parties will be happy.

No other solution of the Ulster difficulty is practicable. It had better be offered to Ulster. Whether Ulster, brought squarely face to face with the only workable form of what she is asking for, will like it in the concrete as much as she likes it in the abstract, remains to be seen. At all events, as she cannot have the *status quo*, nothing remains for her but either complete union or the most extreme form of Home Rule; that is, separation from both England and Ireland.

The latter would at least gratify England's undisguised anxiety to be rid of her.

PEW RENTS FOR THE POOR

HOW far even "advanced" Liberals still are from comprehending the principles of democratic taxation was startlingly illustrated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's reply to Mr. Snowden's motion on the second reading of the Finance Bill last Monday. Mr. Snowden proposed that the existing duties on tea and sugar should be abolished, and Mr. Lloyd George, instead of replying, as he might quite well have done, that the proposal for this reason or that was impracticable, chose to found his opposition to it on the principle that everyone who derived any benefit from the State, or had any voice in directing its activities, ought to be taxed. If this proposal were adopted, he argued, the working man who happened neither to smoke nor to drink alcohol would contribute nothing—"not one penny"—to the national revenue. "Take all the services," he said, "which are for the benefit of the working classes—pensions, insurance and education especially—that man would contribute nothing towards them, although he would have a share in them. He would be contributing nothing in the form of direct taxes to the Government, although he would have a share in declaring the policy through the election of Members of Parliament."

These remarks must presumably be taken to be an authoritative expression of the philosophy which underlies "Lloyd George Finance," and, as such, they deserve examination. The fallacies which they contain are so many that we hardly know where to begin; but perhaps we may first of all observe that no matter how Mr. Lloyd George may decide to re-arrange the present methods of taxation, even though he should abolish the taxes on beer and tobacco as well as those on tea and sugar, the working man will still be paying his share, and far more than his share, of the cost of maintaining Great Britain as a going concern. For as long as the wage-earner does not obtain his part of that heritage of socially produced wealth which Mr. Lloyd George calls "unearned increment"—and of which he does not pretend to have annexed so far for national purposes more than the tiniest fraction—so long will he continue, apart altogether from taxation, to contribute not merely adequately but with the most generous munificence to the upkeep of the country. That, however, is a line of argument which we do not mean to pursue at the present moment; we will meet the Chancellor on his own ground and measure this utterance of his by what must be presumed to be his own principles.

Mr. Lloyd George tells us that the working classes must pay taxes to the Imperial Government because they take part in directing policy: in other words, that the right to vote is dependent upon the payment of taxes. In face of this statement we should like to know what answer Mr. Lloyd George would have for a man who urged—as many people with the greatest seriousness do urge—that

voting power should be proportioned to the amount of taxes paid, that each individual should have, let us say, one vote for every £5 he contributed annually, directly or indirectly, to the Consolidated Fund. Probably he would reply that such a system would give the well-to-do more influence than the poor in the direction of the policy of the State. Quite so: but why should not the well-to-do possess that greater influence? There is only one answer: because if they do, the interests of the poor are likely to be ignored and the existing inequities in the distribution of wealth and security perpetuated. In other words, because the poor, in virtue of their membership of the community and their contribution in work to its general welfare, have a right to equitable treatment which they can only secure by a system of equal citizenship. That is the one and only possible basis of democracy. Once admit that the right to vote has any relation to payments made to the Exchequer and you will find no logical stopping place until you have admitted that the man who pays £50 a year to the State should have five times as many votes as the man who pays only £10.

We may now pass to Mr. Lloyd George's objection to letting anyone obtain an old-age pension, or free education or subsidised sickness insurance without paying anything for them. The implication is that there is something subtly demoralising about such an arrangement. Now, if Mr. Lloyd George or anyone else were to contend that no man ought to receive any personal benefits for which he had not paid in full, on the ground that free provision of any sort has demoralising results, we should at least respect his opinion; for, in theory at all events, that is a perfectly reasonable position to take up. But to imagine that the said demoralising results, if any, can be avoided by making the individual benefited contribute a small fixed sum representing a fraction of the cost is a notion that is really beneath contempt. It is to this same notion that we owe the infliction upon the nation of the anomalous and enormously wasteful system of contributory insurance. In simple terms, the argument runs thus: If I make Bill Jones a present of goods worth 6d. I run the risk of destroying his self-respect; but if I give him goods worth 7d. and make him pay a penny for them, all will be well; his character and independence will be preserved; he won't really be paying for what he gets but he will think he is, and so it will be all right. (Of course he does not think anything of the sort; if he did, the electioneering value of these measures would disappear.) We expect such reasoning from the Charity Organisation Society and from other persons who conceive the preservation of the moral character of the poor to be their special charge, and who think it more demoralising for a man to live upon a state pension than upon inherited dividends; but not from Chancellors of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd George will not give the working classes 5d. for nothing; but he glories in having given them 9d. for 4d.!

But let us try to take the argument seriously. Does Mr. Lloyd George really suppose that the "sense of responsibility" which he is so anxious to cultivate in the breast of the working man will be stimulated by taxes on tea and sugar? Taxes on tea and sugar are not taxes on men (*i.e.* upon electors) at all: they are taxes on women. It is the woman who feels the fivepence which goes to the Exchequer on every pound of tea she purchases; the man, if he is conscious of the tax at all, is only so because Liberal electioneerers have promised to abolish it; and if it were abolished it would be the women and children who would feel the benefit in the increased supply of food, since it is they, and not the wage-earner, who go without when the weekly income is exhausted. Then, again, the tea and sugar duties are fixed charges; they do not vary with the quality or quantity of legislation. The State may provide the working man with pensions to the amount of 5s. or of 10s., with free tuition in reading and arithmetic, or with free university education, with contributory insurance or with non-contributory insurance, but whatever happens the working man who, we are told, "declares the policy," and must have the responsibility brought home to him by taxation, pays the same for his tea and his sugar. But to Mr. Lloyd George these taxes are, it appears, a sort of national pew rent upon payment of which the subscriber is morally entitled to all the advantages he can get from the ministrations of the pastor at the Treasury, but which should debar those who do not pay it from receiving any benefits at all. We do not wish to use strong language, but this theory of the character-preserving, responsibility-creating value of pew rents is beyond all bearing. At best it is mere self-deception, a parrot-like repetition of ancient shibboleths; at worst it is a disingenuous excuse for continuing indefensible, but convenient, methods of taxation. We are very willing to give Mr. Lloyd George the benefit of the doubt; but we must observe that if the theory which he now advances were sound he would deserve all the hard things that have been said about him by his opponents. For if it be true that the poor ought really to pay for the social reforms which benefit them, then his Pensions Act and his Insurance Act (in so far as the 5d. is concerned), instead of being acts of justice to the working classes, are merely two pieces of unprincipled bribery.

Let us apply one more test to Mr. Lloyd George's theory. The most important of the orthodox canons of taxation is that the burden should be proportioned to "ability to pay." Obviously, the tea and sugar duties violate this principle almost as far as ever it can be violated. Their incidence has no relation whatever to ability to pay. Sugar is one of the most important articles of diet, especially for children, and a widow who is attempting to rear a family on the 10s or 12s. a week which she earns may have to contribute to the Exchequer, through the medium of these taxes, ten times as much as the bachelor who earns his 25s. a week, and has little use for sugar and less for tea, and very likely more than the childless couple who live comfortably on £150 a year. And what, after all, is the measure of "ability to pay"? Presumably it is the suplus left over out of any individual income when the absolute necessities of life have been secured. So that these taxes not only ignore the varying degrees of ability to pay, but fall with undiminished severity on those whose ability to pay is actually a minus quantity; that is to say, on those who cannot even obtain a sufficiency of the necessities of life.

But, for our part, we reject all these theories of taxa-

tion. To any Finance Bill that may be introduced we have only one criterion to apply: namely, how far do its provisions tend to correct that maldistribution of wealth which is admitted in every newspaper, from every pulpit, and on every political platform? We are all agreed, in public at least, that a more equal distribution of the nation's wealth is desirable; but how is the redistribution to be effected except by the instrument of taxation? The whole duty of a modern democratic Chancellor of the Exchequer is to consider by what means, without sudden spoliation or undue bias against any single class of property owners, he can increase the real income of the poor at the expense of the rich. That may seem a crude statement of the problem, but it contains the essential truth of the situation. Mr. Lloyd George has taken at least one step in the right direction and we have been grateful to him in taking it. But it seems he took it inadvertently; he still thinks that the poor owe something in hard cash to the community. We therefore take this opportunity of assuring him that the debt remains overwhelmingly on the other side; and we feel convinced that, if he will but think about it and re-read some of his own speeches, he will agree with us.

AUSTRALIA AT THE BALLOT BOX

IF we took as much trouble to understand Australian politics as we do Australian cricket, we might possibly learn something to our advantage! The six States which constitute the Commonwealth of Australia are to-day—together with the Dominion of New Zealand—the best examples of genuinely Democratic self-governing communities that the world has yet produced. They are not, like the countries of Europe—not excluding even Switzerland, Denmark, and Norway—out of an old habit of deference, still content to be governed, in the main, according to the ideas of the "best" people, and very largely by those people. Nor are they, like the people of the United States, virtually prevented, as regards most of the really important matters, from governing themselves at all, partly by a restrictive written constitution, but still more by an ingrained popular ignorance and dislike of what government might achieve. For the last ten years, at any rate, the "dim, inarticulate" masses that make up the Australian people have—to a degree far transcending the practical Democracy even of the Greek city-state—really managed their own national affairs according to their own ideas and in their own way. And, ignoring the tiny remnant of the aborigines and the inscrutable Chinese, there is in Australia none so low—not even the women—as to be excluded from a quite genuine participation in political influence. Every man or woman twenty-one years of age, who has lived continuously in any part of Australia for six months, a British subject or naturalised, is, if not specially disqualified, entitled to be registered as an elector, and to be a candidate, without qualification of property or term of occupancy. The franchise is the same for both Houses. The registers are made up just before the election. There is no plural voting. On the other hand, by a wise liberality which our Progressives would do well to imitate, provision has lately been made against the virtual disfranchisement of the shearer, the harvester, the commercial traveller, the artisan seeking work, and others away from home. Electors absent from the constituency in which they are registered are enabled to record their votes at any polling booth throughout Australia. This provision—which incidentally delays the publication of the exact results—has, it is believed, this time prevented over 250,000 electors from being excluded from voting, being 12 per cent. of the total poll. At our own General Elections in the United Kingdom we leave the nation's decision to be made by less than 15 per cent. of the Census population. To the Australian ballot box there went actually something between 40 and 50 per cent. of its four and a half millions. It is as if, in the United Kingdom, the votes actually cast counted up to twenty millions; or, in the United States, to over forty millions! What polled in Australia last Saturday—with a smaller percentage of illiterates, with a political self-consciousness more nearly universal, and with a greater freedom from "illegitimate influences" of any sort than at any other national election in the world—was a whole people.

Last Saturday's poll was, we are told, inconclusive. The electors had half a dozen different questions to answer, with three different ways in which to make their views known. Opinions are apparently so evenly balanced that several different answers seem to have been returned. The Cabinet in office, representing the Labour Party, after three years of quite successful legislation and administration, appealed for a renewal of public support. At the same time no fewer than six separate questions of far-reaching importance were submitted to a Referendum of the whole people, some of them for the second time. What is the people's decision? Taking the aggregate vote, there seems to be a small Australian majority in favour of the Labour Party, with the Liberal Party not far behind, and the "independent" candidates (including three women) nowhere. (We may, however, congratulate Miss Vida Goldstein on polling over 10,000 votes.) Unfortunately, this aggregate majority is for the Labour Party only a "moral" triumph. Voting for the House of Representatives, which is elected throughout the whole Commonwealth, by approximately equal single-member constituencies, the Australians have apparently returned almost equal numbers of Liberals and Labour men—possibly giving the former a majority of one—a decision which probably involves the resignation of the Labour Ministry. A dozen rural constituencies seem to have gone Liberal by small majorities. Voting for the Senate, however, which is renewed only half at a time, three members being chosen by each State as a single constituency, these same electors have returned the Labour Party candidates by two to one, large Labour majorities in the cities and the mining districts outweighing small Liberal majorities in the country constituencies; so that in the Senate of thirty-six the Labour Party will have thirty members to the Liberal six. The far-reaching proposals for extending the powers of the Federal Legislature over trusts, monopolies, labour disputes, and the conditions of employment have apparently

been endorsed. It was these proposals, it may perhaps be said, rather than any cleavage of parties, that constituted the main intellectual issue of the contest. From the still incomplete returns, it looks as if the proposals to give the Federal Legislature increased powers of repressing trusts, and of regulating industry and commerce in the direction of protecting the Standard of Life of the wage-earner and the farmer, have definitely secured majorities—that against trusts, a large majority. On the other hand, the proposals to put the Federal Government in a position to "nationalise monopolies," to subject joint-stock corporations to further regulations in the interests of the consumer and the workman, to extend throughout the whole Commonwealth the principle of compulsory arbitration in Labour disputes, and to intervene in Labour disputes on the railways of the State Governments, have also been passed by smaller aggregate majorities. Apparently all the six referenda, by the aid of narrow majorities in Victoria, have secured the support of four separate States, which is necessary for them to become operative.

What will follow on this dubious and hesitating decision of the Australian people? The Liberal Cabinet may possibly be called to office. It can, however, carry no legislation against the hostile Senate, which, except as regards the budget, has powers practically co-ordinate with those of the House of Representatives. Probably we may look for a dissolution within a few months, when the whole Senate, as well as the House of Representatives, will have to submit themselves again to the electorate. If the Australian nation cannot make up its mind decisively, one way or the other, whether it wants a Liberal or a Labour Cabinet, it is better that the increase of Federal powers in a Collectivist direction should wait.

We cannot, at this distance, pretend to appreciate exactly why the Australian electors have voted as they have done. To the outsider accustomed to European politics there seems little to differentiate the intellectual attitude into which the Australian Liberal Party has been driven from the practical work which the Australian Labour Party has accomplished. Australia has practically got rid of any avowed "Individualist Capitalism" so far as its federal politics are concerned; and there is, in sober truth, no reactionary party. What is really at stake is the more or less rapid and the more or less drastic adoption of measures of practical Collectivism, about which, it is clear, the Australian electorate is more than half converted. The Labour Government, like all Governments, has made enemies—its Compulsory Military Training lost it some votes; its action with regard to Labour disputes lost it others; the establishment of the Federal Government Bank annoyed a certain number of people in every State; it is accused of having been "unsound" on what to us is emigration, but to the patriotic Australian is immigration of a dubious kind; its action, or inaction, as to land has not pleased the "single taxers" on the one hand, or the owners of "unearned increment" on the other; and so on. These are the inevitable results of popular government. Especially when the party in power happens to be called "Labour" or "Socialist" does it suffer from a chronic erosion, which gradually wears it away at both ends. The extremists, to whom the actual work of legislation and administration is constitutionally abhorrent, denounce the Ministry, whatever it has done, for being dull, for accomplishing nothing, for being no better than its opponents.

In Australia, as elsewhere, there are in the political arena the Marxian Socialists who demand a "Socialism in our time," which they have never been able definitely to formulate; the Syndicalists to whom everything but a catastrophic abolition of the wage system is as naught; the Anarchists of different hues, partly of Continental origin; and all the other varieties of persons to whom it is a matter of genuine intellectual pride that they are "impossibilists." They run candidates of their own, and though (as throughout Australia last Saturday) these candidates are everywhere at the bottom of the poll, their constant propaganda of detraction, together with their drawing away of the wilder spirits, results—in conjunction with the inevitable disillusionment of achievement, as compared with the raptures of the pursuit—in a silent "eating away" of the party which is doing the work of government. On the other hand, the very preaching of these extremists, and their impossible demands, frighten off the more moderate, the hesitating, and the timid, who make up no small part of every democracy. In Australia, on this occasion, it was specially the growth of the Rural Workers' Union, which has suddenly sprung into a membership of 50,000—one-ninth of the whole of Australian Trade Unionism—and the startling demands for higher wages and better conditions which it has been putting forward, which have scared men of strongly progressive opinions, who feel themselves to be no more "plutocratic capitalists" than the extra "hands" whom they hire for harvesting. The extremists, with their vigour and their fanaticism, always make the party go too fast for its rearguard. It is almost impossible to get the members of any party to realise that, if they are to survive as a majority, they must vote not for all that they individually believe in, but only for as much as the party as a whole can stand. It is a problem which the practical Democrat can never escape. Without the "conscious minority" there will be no progress. Without the assent of the relatively apathetic mass there will be no power.

WHAT THE HOME RULE BILL CONTAINS

As the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill is to take place next week, and as we have not yet met a single Englishman—or, for the matter of that, an Irishman—claiming any acquaintance with the contents of the Bill, we give a brief note of its main provisions for the convenience of our readers.

If the Bill becomes an Act, Ireland will have an Upper House of 40 Senators. There is no qualification insisted on. They may be crossing-sweepers if their profits run to election expenses. The first 40 will be nominated by the Lord-Lieutenant. Afterwards they will be elected by the Parliamentary constituencies: Ulster electing 14, Leinster 11, Munster 9, and Connaught 6. They will sit for five years, and then retire together. They will

not be affected by dissolutions of Parliament. By-elections will only be valid until the general quinquennial retirements. The Senate may not meddle with money Bills. The electors are to have one transferable vote.

The House of Commons will consist of 164 members—two of them to be returned by Trinity College, Dublin, lest a Liberal Government should be suspected of Radical views as to University representation. Parliaments will be quinquennial. And here we come upon one of those queer aberrations with which Liberal Governments in this country are peculiarly liable to be afflicted. Thanks to Lord Courtney and his merry men, the British M.P. knows that there is in the air a fearful wild fowl called Proportional Representation, a survival from mid-Victorian times, that golden age of political and economic theorising; and as its claims were advocated fifty years ago by John Stuart Mill many Liberals are beginning to think that there must be something in it. So, in their timorous way, they have incorporated "the single transferable vote" into their draft of Ireland's future constitution by making it applicable to the nine constituencies which return three or more members to College Green. The only real evil which the transferable vote is capable of remedying is the winning of a seat in a single or double member constituency by a candidate with a minority of votes, through the majority vote being split between two other candidates. The typical case at present is that of the elector confronted with three candidates for one seat: Brown for Unionism, Jones for Home Rule, and Robinson for Labour. The transferable vote enables him to vote for Robinson, or, if Robinson is at the bottom of the poll, then for Jones or Brown, whichever he may consider next best. But this useful application of the system does nothing to advance the mathematical theories of "Proportional Representation"; and so the transferable vote is not to be applied where it is most needed, but in only nine out of the ninety-eight constituencies created by the Act. And this in the most factious country in the world where there will be Tory candidates, Gombeen candidates, Plunkettist candidates, Labour candidates, and heaven knows how many other varieties, splitting the vote in all directions.

The Parliament Act reappears in the Home Rule Bill in a provision that when the Senate rejects a Bill twice, the Lord-Lieutenant shall convene a joint sitting of the Senate and the House of Commons; and the resolutions of the joint sitting shall become law.

Peers are eligible for the House of Commons as well as for the Senate; but nobody can sit in both houses except a Cabinet Minister, who can sit and speak in both houses, though he can vote in one only. Acceptance of office does not vacate a seat if the Minister is only changing from one office to another. The Chiltern Hundreds not being available, members can resign. The routine of the oath, etc., is to be as in England. And the powers, privileges, and immunities of members shall not exceed those enjoyed in England. Equality is evidently making its way in the Liberal ranks.

Meanwhile the Irish are to send 42 members to Westminster. And here the University member is capriciously abolished.

The supreme judicial power is to be a Judicial Committee of the Irish Privy Council. This Committee will be the final court of appeal for litigants in Ireland, and will also be the supreme court for constitutional questions. It will have its work cut out for it when it has to decide, as it probably soon will, when the Irish Parliament is acting *ultra vires* and when it is playing the game.

Exchequer business is to be controlled by the J.E.B. (Joint Exchequer Board), consisting of five members, two nominated by the British Treasury, two by the Irish Treasury, and one by the Crown. All taxes are to be collected by the British Parliament: a sagacious provision designed to checkmate Ulster if she tries to attack the Irish Parliament by a Tax Resistance League. Then the British Parliament will hand over to the Irish Parliament what is called The Transferred Sum. This sum will consist of the proceeds of the Irish taxes imposed by the Irish Parliament, the cost of the Irish services imposed by the British Parliament, and a straight tip of half a million a year for three years, which will then diminish by £50,000 a year to £200,000 a year, in consideration of which all English grants and loans are to cease. The Land Purchase guarantees drop also.

The Irish Parliament may "vary, add, reduce, or discontinue" taxes generally; but there are complicated restrictions, the general effect of which is that, whilst Ireland is bound to Free Trade with foreign States, she is not to be allowed to undercut England in excise or customs duties, or even in residential attractiveness, as far as this depends on personal taxation. Death duties cannot be imposed on the personal property of people domiciled in England. A more significant provision is meant to protect the landlords against any attempt on the part of the Irish Parliament "to expropriate the expropriators." If College Green goes ahead of St. Stephen's in the matter of death duties or income tax or customs duties by more than one-tenth, the excess is to be calmly pocketed by the predominant partner. But in spite of all these restrictions the agonised suspicion of the English M.P. that the Irishman will prove too clever for him expresses itself in the glorious provision that if it should at any time appear that Ireland has been making money out of England for three years at a stretch, the J.E.B. shall report the outrage to the Lord-Lieutenant, who shall thereupon lay the report before the British and Irish Parliaments. The Irish members can then be summoned to Westminster in such numbers as will make the Irish representation equal to the English on the basis of population; and in the ecstasy of this happy reunion the financial provisions can be revised.

The Lord-Lieutenant may be a Catholic or an Atheist (which Ulster would probably prefer) or a Mahometan or a Fire Worshipper or anything that suits him. He is to serve for six years and to have £5,000 a year. This amounts to a statutory qualification of £20,000 a year private income at least; and the unhappy Viceroy will have to be pretty careful at that.

There is a special clause declaring that the assemblies and oaths of the Freemasons, though secret, are not to be deemed unlawful. Thus the Shanavest, the Whiteboy, the Ribbonman, and the Fenian of the future need only add a few masonic ceremonies to the organising of landlord shooting and cattle driving to defy the Royal Irish

Constabulary, who, by the way, will have six years' respite before they are transferred to their native rulers.

Finally, as the one way in which the Irish Parliament can control the Church of the people of Ireland, and rescue them from the despotism and pecuniary exactions of their priests, is by establishing that Church, the Bill expressly disables the Irish Parliament from any such act. It may not establish or endow any religion; may not, in effect, have any religion; but is perpetually condemned to Secularism. And so the Pope may snap his fingers at Dr. Clifford after all. And nobody seems to care particularly!

Such is the Government of Ireland Act, 1912.

THE NATURE OF LIFE

WHEN we observe "the way of an eagle in the air," we recognise a fundamental difference between the material forming the bird's body and that forming the ocean of air in which it flies. But we know that if the eagle's brains be blown out by a bullet, it will fall like a stone, and at the same speed. That by which it flew we call life—something under the influence of which matter behaves as never otherwise. On examining the eagle's body we find a complicated mechanism, of which, after hundreds of years of study, only the rudiments are known—but the alphabet of these rudiments is so complex that a Dreadnought, compared with it, is much simpler than a popgun. Further, on watching the natural history of the eagle, we find that it grows from an egg; nay, from a single microscopic cell. Comparative study shows the same to be true of all living beings: one and all, they have grown from a single microscopic cell, or are such cells still—like the bacteria. The living being whom we call Shakespeare was once a single cell, weighing too infinitesimal a fraction of a grain to be expressed in figures, and not more than $\frac{1}{120}$ of an inch in diameter. In the course of its development and life history this infinitesimal speck of matter became Shakespeare, and wrote the phrase "Life's but a walking shadow."

Can we say more of it to-day? What other definitions of life beside Macbeth's may we attempt? Descriptions are not difficult, nor epigrams of greater or less value. Thus we must accept and value Cardinal Newman's statement, "To live is to change," or its American equivalent, that "Life is just one damned thing after another." Here is a profound truth, none the less true because, under certain conditions, notably the absence of water, seeds may remain unchanged for scores of years, illustrating what the French, in their admirable way, call "vie suspendue." But all this is mere description. The importance of water is so great that, with the French again, we may call life "an aquatic phenomenon"; and, finding that water is needed for the purposes of fermentation, we may say that "life is a series of fermentations." All this is to the good, but it scarcely suffices. It may be true, it is true, that Shakespeare was once a microscopic cell, and that, even when he wrote *Hamlet*, he was three parts water; but such facts as these only reveal the staggering inadequacy of our descriptions for the explanation of life and its doings.

We may search again among our predecessors. "Life," said Bichât, the great vitalist of a century ago, "is the sum of the forces that resist death." No doubt that is true, and memorable, but what are those forces, and how do microscopic cells grow into men and women? "Life," said Herbert Spencer, "is the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations"; and we need only add "by life" to complete the sentence, and recognise its incompleteness. Such phrases as we have quoted, one and all, serve to describe or illustrate some aspect or attribute of life, but so far as the nature of that which they describe is concerned, they only make darkness visible and tangible. We are in the presence of a mystery at once ultimate and supreme.

Nineteenth-century science did not think so. The establishment of the cell theory reduced all living things to "simple units," called cells—the unthinkable complexity of the simplest cell, of skin or wood, even in chemical terms, being unguessed, to say nothing of the germ-cells, of which two become one, and that becomes many, called a man. The discoveries of physiology, beyond price as they have been for practical purposes, have revealed the exquisite contrivance of the living machine, but can tell us nothing of how it came to be contrived. The demonstration of organic evolution, which was the most remarkable feat in nineteenth-century science, was held by the omnipresent fool to be the very goal of knowledge. Moses or Mozart is explained if we know that he descended from a monkey, and the monkey, if we can trace it back to something humbler still—fish or worm. The discovery of organic evolution was of immense service in many directions, but it only deepens the central mystery. If all living beings are related, if the whole world of life is one, if there are fundamental and profound identities between the structure and functioning of a microbe and a man, if a white cell of a man's blood is scarcely distinguishable from an amœba of the ponds, our explanation or definition of life must meet these facts. It must explain not only the respiration of the amœba, but also the inspiration of Shakespeare, and the aspiration of the saint. It must survey and include not only body, but also mind.

That was what the last generation forgot. So far as the working of the body is concerned, they found many laws of mechanics and chemistry illustrated. Every living body is a furnace, and needs fuel; no living body transgresses the law of the conservation of energy; and so forth. Elated and impressed by such discoveries, our predecessors declared that the living body is a physico-chemical machine; and if the question arose, whence did this machine come, "natural selection" was the reply; though natural selection describes the destruction of living things and nothing else, no more creating anything than the examiner who ploughs a host of noodles creates a Kelvin or a Pasteur.

In our own day "the bird in the air" has been emulated and excelled by machines, and at first sight we might suppose that the mechanical theory of life was thereby sustained. But let anyone credit the mechanical theory of the bird's origin who could study an aeroplane and believe that its parts were shaped and assembled by mechanical laws. Purpose made the

machine to fly, and directs its flight; purpose, an attribute of mind, and mind alone. He knows nothing about animals who does not see purpose in their acts as in our own; and botanists to-day are finding purpose, and *educable* purpose, in plants as well, including the simplest microscopic forms. As for the "series of fermentations," the "continuous adjustment of internal to external relations," and all the other surface attributes of living things, often shared by the immeasurably simpler physico-chemical machines made by the recent form of life, called man—these are seen to be the instruments of purpose, working for one proximate end, which we can clearly and everywhere perceive—for *more life*, that living beings may have life "more abundantly."

Three distinguished students to-day are engaged upon these problems—Bergson, the French philosopher, who has shown that in the fundamental act of adaptation the living being does not *repeat*, but *replies*; Driesch, the German biologist, whose experiments on the minutest forms of life have shown that they have a purpose or *entelechy*, as Aristotle called it; and McDougall, the Oxford psychologist, who reaches essentially similar conclusions by a wholly independent route. Those conclusions are that life, *au fond*, is purposeful mind, that it obeys the laws of Nature in order to command them, as Bacon said of man, and that, as the present writer has elsewhere maintained, life made the eye, for instance, as man made the microscope.

LENS.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

III.—AFFAIRS OF STATE

THE tradition that the English are a nation of free men doubtless arose from the independent position of the peasant farmers in the centuries immediately following the abolition of serfdom. For this class must, so long as the manors continued as a living organism, have formed free democratic communities, bound doubtless by tradition and custom, but, in the main, managing their own affairs. As these communities died out and the modern system of landlord, tenant and labourer took their place, the control of power passed into other hands; ultimately the squires in the courts of quarter sessions and in their own villages secured for their class all the strings of local government and controlled at almost every point the lives of the classes beneath them. Thus "the servile state" was founded in the villages.

The granting of the vote to the labourers and the introduction of county, district and parish councils loosened the hold of the squires, but there is, as yet, little real independence in the villages—a general condition which is reflected in the local government. The villager of to-day is, however, no admirer of the "servile state," government by a clique (or "clik," as he calls it in the South of England). He is, moreover, quite as capable of looking after the affairs of the village as were his ancestors before him; he does not do so because modern local government takes a form which gives him but little opportunity of exercising such capacity for organisation and management as he may have. In fact, the machine is in other hands. On the county council the business is transacted by the squires and their allies; on the rural district councils the work of government, so far as it is done, is carried on by farmers and their friends. This is almost inevitable: there are few people in the villages who can afford the time necessary for attending meetings of these councils, and even if they have the time to spare, there are election and travelling expenses to be faced; these, in the case of the county council, may quickly mount up to a very considerable sum. In the parish meetings and councils the position is very different. Anyone can attend parish meetings and do the work of the council in his, or her, spare time—here, indeed, the average man or woman might reasonably expect to take part in moulding the future of the village. But again obstacles arise to defeat democracy: the parish council has so little real power of action; the supply of allotments and building of cottages, the provision of recreation grounds and village halls, the management of footpaths are all within the scope of its work, but when a progressive council tries to act it finds itself hampered at every step by legal conditions and regulations; disappointment quickly follows.

The history of parish councils since their foundation some twenty years ago illustrates the position. At the first elections interest was widespread. The village artisans, the small-holders and others of the class that lies between farmers and labourers, made common cause with the latter in an attempt to break down the old control: in many cases they were successful. But the progressives so elected soon found that a victory was not worth the risks that a fight involved. There were troubles in store for these pioneers: the independent blacksmith on the council would find that the farmers' horses were now shod in the next parish, the wife of a labourer who had shown himself to have advanced views would lose her doles, the keen young workman who talked too freely would somehow fall out of regular employ and finally decide to go to Canada. It soon became clear, moreover, that the very method of election, the show of hands, with the possibility of a demand for a poll, militated against the smaller people. The squire or someone of his set was sure to be in the chair at the meeting at which the election was held. It was not always safe to hold up a hand; it was far more dangerous to ask for a poll, in which demand five electors have now to take part. As a rule, squires and farmers dislike the fuss and expense to the parish of elections. In this view they have many sympathisers. The chairman, therefore, is quite likely to intervene to discourage the demand for a poll. Sometimes he will confine himself to arguments, but it is not always so. I have known a chairman, a kindly but arbitrary old fellow, finding argument of no avail, overrule on his own responsibility a properly made application for a poll, declare the candidates who had succeeded on a show of hands elected, close the meeting, and hurry out of the room before anyone had quite realised what had happened. Subsequently he defended his action on the ground that an election would have stirred up a great deal of ill-feeling in the parish. Incidents such as these, combined with petty persecutions and the discouragement following the inaction of the councils, have done much towards securing once more the ascendancy of the squires and farmers.

No one need be surprised that the villagers were disappointed that the parish councils could do so little. Practical effort and definite results are of the essence of the countryman's life. It is thanks to his labour that the field of wheat is growing—soon it will be

harvested and converted into flour; the cows under his charge are giving milk for butter and cheese; the pig fattening in its sty will be food for the family; everything is growing under his eyes, the outcome of the labour of his hands. He wants to see country life grow around him in the same way, the result of his work. No one who understands this aspect of the countryman's mind is surprised at the keen way in which he watches the councils in their efforts to exercise the new powers entrusted to them. County Council small holdings, District Council cottages, and Parish Council allotments may mean much to him and his children; and his interest is sometimes fanned into a flame by the appearance of that new element in local government, the woman candidate, with her freedom from old prejudices, and her fresher sense of responsibility to the electors.

A new point of view is gradually appearing. "Everything that is needed is done for the working people in this parish," said a lady to me the other day. I repeated the remark to the village carpenter. "Just so," he said rather drily. "That's exactly what we object to; we want to do something for ourselves." And this they can hardly do until the machinery of our local government has been put into order.

M. F.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

By SIDNEY AND BEATRICE WEBB.

IX.—ORGANISATION FROM BELOW AS THE SAFEGUARD OF LIBERTY

IS it necessary, at this time of day, to demonstrate the need for Trade Unionism? The propertyless wage-earner must get immediate employment or starve. The capitalist employer is under no such necessity to hire any particular man at any particular time. The labourer is accordingly a suppliant from the start. Of some particular employer, he begs the privilege of obeying all his lawful commands. He has to accept the terms he is offered; and these terms are perpetually being altered without his consent and frequently without his knowledge. In the great industries in which power-driven machinery is used, the service of the unorganised wage-earner tends always to become—because of the "speeding-up"—more intense; and—because of the increasing division of labour—more monotonous. To him, indeed, it seems, that for all his endless toil, he gets neither sufficiency of subsistence for himself and his family nor security against a stoppage of his livelihood. Under unrestrained "freedom of competition," the limit to which the ordinary individual worker, if unprotected by combination, will, in fact, be driven is not to be expressed even by the older economists' "Iron Law of Wages," or measured by their pedantic "Subsistence Level." A century of experience has convinced both statesmen and economists that, alike in excessive toil, in unhealthy conditions of work, and in wages insufficient for continued maintenance, the result of "freedom," in anything beyond individual production, is "sweating." As regards the humblest grades, this may mean, as we have seen in country after country, an oppression more complete than that of the mediæval serf. As regards the whole industry it may amount to a parasitism directly impoverishing the community and draining away the vitality of the race.

It was as a defence, not so much against the tyranny of an individual employer as against the otherwise inevitable "downward thrust" of the capitalist structure, that Trade Unionism arose. Met by the educated classes with contempt and derision, and suppressed by the criminal law, the workmen's combinations, as is not surprising, not only took up the question in as narrowly sordid a way as the employers had done, but also developed unpleasant forms of "militancy." When will men realise that the injustice of the oppressor always develops malignity in the oppressed? But among the wiser spirits in all classes, Trade Unionism is now coming by its own. The maintenance, by means of effective combination of all the wage-earners in each industry, of a minimum Standard Rate and other conditions of employment has not only been made lawful, but is now recognised by the economists as indispensable to social well-being. Unfortunately, in the backwaters of the governing class—among the more ignorant capitalists for instance, and among the judges—the contemporary progress of economic and political science is ignored. We still have employers—like the more foolish of the railway directors—refusing to let their salaried managers even meet the salaried agents of the workpeople. We are still troubled by futilely ingenious attempts of judges to contort, into conformity with an obsolete social polity, the legislation by which Parliament has sanctioned the newer usages. This kind of silliness—it is difficult to give it a more dignified name—stirs up, among the wage-earners, an equally lightheaded "insurrectionism," often directed as much against their own leaders as against the oppressions that they have to fight.

We have made the foregoing allusion to the quarrels between the Trade Unions and the employers, with which our newspapers so much concern themselves, and to the behaviour of the several combatants, in order to put these transient phenomena out of the way. The ugly details of the fight, the brutality of the lock-out, the squalid inefficiency and disorder of the strike, the unreasonable self-assertiveness of employers and wage-earners alike, the apparent sordidness of the issue, the "sweating" methods which American employers are now calling "scientific management," and the "ca' canny" of the workmen, developing into "sabotage," by which these are met, are not of the essence of Organisation from Below; are, indeed, marks of its incompleteness.

What is the real teaching of this world-wide century-long movement? First, it must be put to the credit of Trade Unionism that it stands for a repudiation of individual self-interest. Amid the almost universal preaching of individual selfishness as the only motive of any sensible man—at a time when economists and moralists were taking it for granted that a man rightly always aimed at pecuniary gain—amid a social and industrial polity constructed on the basis of "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," it was the humble labourers, the despised "lower orders," who, by their acts, denied the universal gospel, and raised the standard of a nobler faith. To join a Trade Union in which weak and strong pool their resources, to support its collective action even to one's own personal loss, to adhere always to the Common Rule in face of the temptations of a particular individual bargain, was and is an act of fellowship, inspired by the belief in social service. There is nothing in the short and simple annals of the poor that transcends in nobility and spiritual beauty the unselfish devotion, the long unremunerated work, the heroic self-denial, and even the willing sacrifice of self and family, which abound among the unrecorded incidents of Trade Union history. In many a humble organisation the wage-earners, with the scantiest of resources, without any of the social consideration and glamour of Parliament and the Cabinet, are evolving all the moral and intellectual qualities that participation in the work of government demands. And this sense of fellowship and social service becomes almost a religion. With many a workman

of England or America, France or Germany, the only part of his life in which he rises to selflessness; the only part planned for an ideal of the public good, as distinguished from the pursuit of his own comfort or pleasure and that wider selfishness of the family; the only part touched with a mystic emotion, is that which is absorbed by his daily work in the "Organisation from Below" in which he puts his hope.

No less important is the contribution that Trade Unionism brings to our task, by increasing our stock, both in variety and in amount, of the knowledge that is required for permanently efficient administration. The employer or the expert administrator, with the aid of the scientific investigator and the inventor, may contrive the highest possible output of commodities. What such persons can never measure, with all their statistics and "ergometers," because they do not themselves experience it, is the effect of their processes and their regulations upon the human factor. Yet it is just upon the effect of these processes and regulations on the health and comfort, on the development of body and brain, on the character and personality, of those who are employed in the various industrial processes, that even the output of material commodities in the long run depends. Moreover, what shall it profit a nation to gain material commodities and lose its own soul? The only valid use and purpose of the commodities is, in ultimate analysis, the maintenance of the life of the race; and a community which degrades its people in the very process of keeping them alive is, to say the least of it, not improving the factors of wealth production. It is, on the contrary, virtually committing a slow suicide. This real and vivid knowledge of the state of mind and body induced by the processes of industry does not exhaust the information which can be furnished by Trade Unions or professional associations. These organisations, once freed from the struggle for something more than mere subsistence, are enabled to concentrate attention on the efficiency of their service. All the past improvement of machinery, or all that is now understood by scientific management, has been vitiated, from the workman's standpoint, by its exclusive dedication to the pecuniary interests of the capitalist employer. There is no reason why the fully-recognised Trade Unions should not, we do not say merely acquiesce in scientific management, but actually promote this new science; just as the highly-organised Lancashire cotton-spinners are, in fact, perpetually pushing forward the adoption of better machinery by their employers, and just as the National Union of Teachers and the British Medical Association are concerning themselves with the advancement of their respective arts.

Finally, we have the specific and peculiar contribution brought by Trade Unionism to the progress of the race—the new and improved version that it suggests of Democratic control. The besetting sin, and the danger, of all organisation on a large scale is that it is necessarily "organisation from above," bringing to the rank and file the feeling of subjection and control. This leads to complaint of what is called Bureaucracy. But this objectionable outcome of administration on a large scale is not inevitable. There must needs be, in such great industrial concerns as the United States Steel Corporation or the Great Western Railway, no less than in the Manchester Town Council, or the General Post Office, a centralised persistent purpose and plan, a hierarchy of directors and managers, and no little subordination of will and desire on the part of the tens of thousands of participators. Whether this subordination of will is accompanied by a sense of personal oppression, and creates servility of character, or whether it is recognised as a mere application of the mutually advantageous principle of division of labour, depends, in fact, on our elaboration of Democracy—on our ability to secure, among all the persons employed, an effective participation in power and a real consciousness of consent. It is here that we see the function of Organisation from Below. Let us illustrate it by example. In the absence of highly-developed Trade Unionism, each worker in the factory finds himself obliged, under pain of dismissal, to obey the orders of the foreman. During the hours of work he is, in effect, the slave of the foreman. However malicious or unjust or inconsiderate may be the orders, he has to carry them out. Very different is the position of the worker in such a highly-organised trade as Lancashire cotton-spinning. All the conditions of his labour have been determined in advance, either by legal enactment or by agreement between his representatives and the representatives of the employer. The rate of wages, the hours of beginning and ending work, the intervals for meals and rest, the temperature and the humidity and sanitation of the factory, represent, in fact, not the decision of the foreman, or even of the employer, but the general will, either of the nation as a whole or of the industry as a whole. These "Common Rules" have to be obeyed by all concerned, by the employer no less than by the employed. In any disagreements between a workman and his foreman, or even between a workman and the foreman backed up by the general manager, the Board of Directors and the whole community of shareholders, the dispute has to be settled, not by the arbitrary decision of any person, but by agreement between the salaried servants of the employers' Association on the one hand and those of the Trade Union on the other. Hence the workman feels secure against tyrannous caprice or personal oppression. Any attempts to nibble at wages or "crib time," any improper favouritism or insolence of manner, are peremptorily stopped out of fear of the Trade Union. Though the workmen obey orders, so does the foreman obey orders, and the employer himself: whilst the salaried officials who are virtually the arbiters in disputes are themselves the servants of the parties concerned. There is, in fact, in a Lancashire cotton-mill, even in the imperfectly organised Democracy of to-day, no sense of servility among the spinners, and the very minimum of personal oppression. Where all are servants of the General Will, no one is master.

How does the problem differ when, for the economic and political reasons that we have already described, the individual employer is superseded by the Co-operative Wholesale Society, by the Municipality, or by the Government Department? The rules are made and the orders are, in the last resort, given by the community of consumers, according to the economic demand of the whole body. But this community of consumers, in which the individual workman counts only for one, seems to him, if he stands alone, almost as far off and unapproachable an influence as the community of shareholders in the capitalist Trust. It is in the actual experience of the Trade Union movement that we find the solution. It is not enough to place the control in the hands of the most Democratic of communities, for this is always controlled by the citizen consumers in geographical constituencies; and, from the standpoint of these same citizens as producers, is necessarily Organisation from Above. But let the citizen producers be independently organised from below; let the conditions of the worker's life be settled by agreement between the organisations of producers on the one hand, and the organisations of the consumers on the other—that is to say, between the Trade Union and the State or Co-operative Society—and, with the elimination of personal mastery, we shall, at least, have put an end to either servility or personal oppression. How this effective participation in power, with the real consciousness of consent which it secures, can actually be put in practice we shall explain in the next article.

Correspondence

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I am glad that Mr. Scott Maxwell, in his interesting letter on "Industrial Efficiency," has taken up the attitude of an uncompromising defence of "Scientific Management." This enables me to make clear the main criticism of this system which I sought to explain in the review on Professor Münsterberg's book on *Psychology and Industrial Efficiency*. No sensible person, whether writing for the *Times* or for THE NEW STATESMAN, objects to efficiency in manual labour, or in the organisation of it. We all agree with Mr. Scott Maxwell in his resentment of "Ignorance, inability, inefficiency and extravagance whether in Government or Municipal affairs, railway management or industry." Indeed, it is somewhat surprising to find Mr. Scott Maxwell knocking down this figure of straw. The question always arises—what is efficiency?

Mr. Scott Maxwell truly says that the advocates of "scientific management" are idealists, and he appeals to Socialists to agree with them for this reason. But what we are face to face with is a conflict of ideals. Mr. Winslow Taylor's ideal is the maximising of the nation's production of material commodities. The ideal of the Socialist is the production of citizens of the highest type. This difference of ideal naturally involves a difference of process.

What Mr. Winslow Taylor and his followers advocate—with perfect frankness—is an extension of the principle of "Division of Labour," so that (in order to maximise output) all the brain-work, all the decisions—one may almost say all the "free will"—should be concentrated in a tiny minority of superintendents. The development of this "science" of management involves, Mr. Taylor tells us (p. 37 of *Principles of Scientific Management*), "the establishment of many rules, laws and formulæ which replace the judgment of the individual workman."

This elimination from the manual worker's task of all making of decisions, all initiative, even all spontaneous variety of muscular movement, is to give, with the least strain on the human animal, the monotonous and uniform "perfection" of an automatic machine. The issue between us is whether this is good for the man? The manual workers, it must be remembered, make up two-thirds of the whole community. Will the general application of Mr. Winslow Taylor's system increase their intelligence, their consciousness of freedom, and their personal dignity?

But Mr. Winslow Taylor and his colleagues go further. They not only advocate, as the very basis of their "scientific management," first the reduction of the job to its most "automatic" form, and secondly the reduction of the man (during his working hours) to the level of the job. What they advise and practise, as they candidly explain, is the constant selection, for the job thus degraded to automatism, of the workman *who most nearly fits the job*. Out of the mass of workers, that one gets the situation who is "so stupid and so phlegmatic that he more nearly resembles in his mental make-up the ox than any other type" (p. 59). What will be the result, on the community of manual workers, of this constant "selection" of the men most devoid of spontaneity, initiative, and capacity for judgment? A strange "survival of the fittest!"

It would be unfair to suggest that there is nothing else in Mr. Winslow Taylor's "scientific management" than this attempt to degrade the workman into an automaton without initiative or judgment, which I regard as wholly damnable. There is also the process of fitting the job to the man—of so altering the arrangements that the intelligence and judgment of the workman are continually stimulated in such a way as to avoid waste and improve the product. There is even (as Professor Münsterberg explains) the solicitude to make the environment of the worker, and his appliances, such as to diminish the strain and increase the amenity of his working hours.

Which of these forms of "scientific management" will be chosen by the average capitalist entrepreneur depends, I suggest, on whether he is going to aim at maximising the output of commodities or at raising the character of the citizens who are in his employment.

The question comes down to one fact. What is the effect, in the long run, upon the intelligence and moral character of the manual workers subjected to the system? Can we trust the capitalist entrepreneur, who is in business for pecuniary profit, to employ this "scientific management" only in ways which, though they may not bring him profit, raise the character of his employees, and make them more intelligent members of the community? Mr. Scott Maxwell says: "there have been no strikes under Mr. Taylor's system." I turn to Mr. Taylor's own book, written expressly to explain and defend his system, and I find a most interesting account (page 133) of the action of some of his disciples, which led to a "series of strikes, followed by the downfall of the men who attempted to make the change, and by the return to conditions throughout the establishment far worse than those which existed before the effort was made." From less partial sources I hear that the attempt to introduce "scientific management" into the steel industry of the United States has been followed by an outburst of "Syndicalism" among the men who have been subjected to it. Mr. Scott Maxwell will, of course, say that in all these cases the system has been mistakenly applied, the mistake being made of degrading the wages at the same time that they were degrading the workmen! The Trade Unionist finds, in his experience, that whatever the original intention, this degradation of wages ends by being put in practice, as soon as the degradation of the workman has been accomplished. To the Socialist as to the economist, the momentary effect on the earnings of the workers is by no means the most important of the results. But the system always will be "mistakenly applied" so long as the profits of the employer, and not the health, character and intelligence of the workmen, are the objects aimed at.—Yours, etc.,

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Is not the true view of Scientific Management somewhere in between the uncompromising censure of your reviewer and the uncompromising praise of Mr. Scott Maxwell? Your reviewer implied that Mr. Taylor, Mr. Emerson and the "efficiency engineers" were guilty of "complete callousness as to the results on human character and human intelligence of the processes advocated, with a complete ignoring of the result on employment, not to mention a complete indifference to a right distribution of wealth." This charge is certainly not true of Mr. Taylor and the men who have followed his teaching. They do honestly believe that, according to the first sentence in "The Principles of Scientific Management," "the principal object of management should be to secure the maximum prosperity for the employer coupled with the maximum prosperity for each employé." And there is ample evidence that when the new methods are put into operation by men with this ideal, an enormous improvement in the conditions of labour has very often been the result. A real attempt to train the workman in the best way of doing his work, an increase in wages amounting often to 100 per cent., a considerable decrease in the hours of labour, improvement in the workers' health owing to a study of fatigue, are achievements which show that your reviewer's charges are far too sweeping.

But there is another side to the picture. "Management" in America, as elsewhere, is the sacred province of the employer. It is the employer who has complete control of the manner in which these new processes advocated are to be applied. The danger of Scientific Management is that these processes can be used just as easily against as for the well-being of labour. The case of the Bethlehem Steel Works is an admirable example. It was there that Mr. Taylor introduced his Scientific Management, and so long as he remained there Mr. Scott Maxwell's side of the picture was true; but as soon as he left we find your reviewer's side of the picture. This is Miss Goldmark's description of what happened: "... the efficiency engineers were dismissed. But the machinery of their system was kept. Bonuses, premiums, and other inducements for greater exertions on the part of the workers were continued, but without the spirit which had previously made their contrivances parts of a larger system. ... The result was a return to the system of 'drive,' such as the world has seldom seen excelled." One is not astonished to find that a further result was "a series of labour troubles which ... culminated in closing down the whole plant."

The truth is that there is nothing immoral in the new methods any more than in paying a man a wage. The immorality or morality comes in the way the methods are used. You can use the wage to sweat a man as well as to keep him alive in health and happiness; and the employer can use Mr. Taylor's science to speed a man up as easily as to make him efficient. That being so, while management remains completely in the hands of the employer and human nature is what it is, there is very good reason for the shyness of American Labour to welcome Scientific Management.—Yours, etc.,

L. S. WOOLF.

INSURANCE DISCONTENTS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—May I reply to your objection to payment for work done? I do not propose that the State should be responsible for an unlimited expenditure for medical attendance. It is admittedly a question of *insurance*. Ordinary insurance companies are able to adjust their premiums to the estimated risks, take precautions to prevent fraud, and are able to pay their way, and I suggest that the medical part of the Act could and should be worked on the same lines. From the premiums (otherwise capitation fees) the State should accumulate a fund with which to pay the medical bills of the policy-holders (otherwise insured persons). The only valid objection is fraud. Malingering, or fraud on the patient's part, is already a serious menace to success in the present scheme, and should be met by the appointment of medical

referees, as other insurance companies have to do; and unnecessary attendance, a fraud on the doctor's part, which you give as the serious objection, could be met by making the insured persons "shareholders"—that is, to let them receive an annual bonus in inverse proportion to the year's medical expenses, and for a small sum for each attendance to be debited against the bonus. In this way insured persons would be collectively and individually watchful that there was no unnecessary doctoring, and at the same time they would have a real freedom of choice of doctor. This would not create an incentive to neglect of health, as it would not touch the sick-pay department; but, on the contrary, would tend to a study of health, as the insured, by studying the rules of prevention of disease and living up to them, would see the money which would have gone to the doctors returning to their own pockets. In other words, a man would not be penalised for being ill, but would be rewarded for keeping well. Incidentally the difficulty of attendance on temporary residents would be removed. There is a serious objection to the alternative of a Salaried Service in that the practice of medicine is a peculiarly personal matter and necessitates continuous study. The status of an official tends to destroy the personal element, and the assured salary to remove the incentive to the acquirement of fresh learning.

Insured persons should be entitled to the same quality of attendance as private individuals can provide for themselves. They will never get it unless the practitioner is allowed to retain his independence and self-respect, coupled with the stimulus of fair competition.—Yours, etc.,

Bridgwater. PENROSE WILLIAMS.

[We do not think that Mr. Penrose Williams's proposal meets the difficulty at all. In so far as the suggested bonus scheme operated to deter the patient from seeking medical advice, it would be highly undesirable as tending to prevent early treatment; and if it did not so operate, it would serve no object at all. This difficulty could only be got over by a scheme under which the deterrent motive was not brought into play until after the first visit or two for any given complaint; but such a scheme, even if it could be devised on paper, would, we fear, be too complicated and too uncertain in its reactions to be satisfactory in practice. The point may be summed up thus: (1) There must be some motive to prevent the doctor paying unnecessary visits with a view to increasing his bill; (2) if that motive operates upon the patient instead of directly upon the only person who really knows what, if any, medical treatment is required (namely, the doctor), it is bound to have undesirable consequences.

We do not see why, under the suggested bonus system, patients should be any more inclined to "study the rules of the prevention of disease" than they were under the old pre-Insurance Act system, when (unless members of Friendly Societies) they had to pay the whole of the doctor's bill unaided.—ED. N.S.]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Will you permit me to inform you on a point in connection with National Insurance about which you say nothing in your article in last week's issue? Are you aware that the casual dock labourers have in a great many cases to stamp their own cards in order to get work? They do; at least, if they apply in the middle of the week and if not employed previously. If they are fortunate enough to obtain a job on the Monday, well and good; but should they fail to become engaged until Wednesday or later, and their insurance cards are not filled in for that week, they will not stand much chance. The employers will not pay because the work may only last one day. Therefore the labourers have to buy the stamp and pay both contributions in order to get employment.

I know the matter has been before the House, but I am not aware that anything has been done officially to stop this abuse. Does it come under the category of "rare and refreshing fruit"? If it does, the participants would be heartily glad to sample some other variety. They have no redress whatever; either they can pay the employer's share as well as their own or starve. There certainly are exceptions where the men refuse on principle, but they are mostly single men, and are more often out of work than in.—Yours, etc.,

East Ham. JOHN A. KOLBE.

MILITARISM AND "ARMED INTERVENTION"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I am interested to read in your issue of May 31st your comments on the successful handling by Sir Edward Grey of the Balkan crisis. Your remark that "the first serious conflict between the Bulgarian forces and those of Greece and Servia, if it ever take place, must be the signal not for remonstrances, but for armed intervention on a really effective scale," strikes me as one of the most astonishing that I have ever met in a periodical of socialist tendency. If the *Morning Post*, for example, had said such a thing, it would have been denounced, with appropriate horror, by every orthodox anti-militarist organ in the country, nor would the suggestion have been lacking that the proposal was inspired by the "armour-plate plutocracy."

I am a sincere admirer of THE NEW STATESMAN, but I cannot help wondering whether it realises that the carrying out of its suggestion would mean the plunging of all Europe into war—an event for which the only logical preparation appears to be not the limitation of armaments, but militarism of the most comprehensive kind. You cannot have it both ways. Either you must go in for an army comparable with that of Continental nations or you must give up talking about "armed intervention on a really effective scale." In the present circumstances the latter course would appear the more judicious.

Yours, etc.,

F. L. C. WALTER.

[We deal with the point raised by Mrs. Walter in our Comments on page 257.—ED. N.S.]

SCIENCE AND ART

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—May I make a comment on a distinction drawn by the Hon. Bertrand Russell between science and art, a distinction with which, as it stands, I agree? The writer, in the second of his two articles, says:

"In . . . art . . . the men of Greece or of the Renaissance did better than any men do now; the triumphs of former ages, so far from facilitating fresh triumphs in our own age, actually increase the difficulty of fresh triumphs by rendering originality harder of attainment; not only is artistic achievement not cumulative, but it seems even to depend upon a certain freshness and *naiveté* of impulse and vision which civilisation tends to destroy. . . . In science men have discovered an activity of the very highest value in which they are no longer, as in art, dependent for progress upon the appearance of continually greater genius, for in science the successors stand upon the shoulders of their predecessors. . . ."

I am glad that has been so well put, for in the effort to seek in one's mind the true refutation not of the statement, but of the implied deduction from it, one can clear up the doubts in one's own mind which one had always vaguely felt, but which had not before been properly crystallised. To discover what you are afraid of is a big step towards killing the fear.

Are we to lose faith in the value of artistic effort because we cannot improve on Shakespeare; are we to say that, because any value contained in our work is already contained in Shakespeare, together with so very much more, we are doing no social service by our own small work? (I am considering purely the direct and immediate effect of *work*, not the indirect value accruing from the presence in the State of honest and energetic *workers*.) I think we shall easily see that the answer is in the negative if we consider that in art are two elements: the one we will call form or spirit, the other language or dress. Mr. Russell says that in art nothing of any worth can be done except by genius, but that is not the same as saying the genius must be greater than that of Shakespeare. One would suppose that it would be good to have as many expressions of vitality, of genius, of form or spirit as possible, but this is not exactly my argument; and I will concede that one expression of an infinity is as valuable as many expressions of infinity, provided all can come at the fountain to drink of it. My argument is precisely that they can't all come at it—in fact, the old argument of Mr. Shaw at which the dullards were shocked when he put it wittily by saying that Shakespeare was out of date. Form is eternal, but dress alters. All artists are trying to do the same thing, and the longer time continues the more often will that thing have been better done before them; the process is not progressive, but retrograde. But the point is that, though they are all at the same game, they play it in different ways, and the more different ways they play it the greater the number of lookers-on to understand it. The value of contemporary art is that its language is intelligible, its dress in harmony with the age. It is a fact that people have read Dickens who could not see the higher value of the distant Homer; it is not true that, deprived of Dickens, they would have flown to Homer; but more true that Dickens may have led them to Homer. People are interested in Rodin and the Post-Impressionists who otherwise would never have got anything out of the old masters. This argument is by no means a concession to inferior taste; it is the argument that contemporary art is the servant of the masterpieces; no contemporary art, no appreciation of classic art. Have not many of us dimly apprehended the greatness of ancient work, feeling it vaguely; and have we not picked up a tragedy by Tolstoy or Dostoievsky and, while knowing it to be less great than ancient work, been actually more stirred because it was nearer to us, in language, in modes of thought, so that we realised it more completely?

The art-form must be kept alive by its expression continually in changing language. Even decadent art is better than none. Even an art which is nearly all dress, such as that of Richard Strauss, probably

does service to those who have forgotten the language of the gods. This admission does not interfere with the function of criticism, which is to point out the essential worthlessness of dress.—Yours, etc.,

LEONARD INKSTER.

CAPITAL AND WAGES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Your very interesting article on May 17th on Co-operators in Council suggests that "our educated classes" know practically nothing of the co-operative movement. Your contributor says: "Lombard Street knows them not, because there is no floating of loans, and their bills never appear in the banker's portfolio. . . They have at all times more capital from accumulated savings than they know what to do with." Further on in the article your contributor suggests that the capital of these "accumulated savings" is used "in competition with private capitalism, by three million wage-earning families." If this be so, those wages must surely come from somewhere, and the question is—who has found these wages originally if not what you call "private capital"—*i.e.*, the concrete result of individual energy and enterprise in the past under the ægis of an ordered society?

I do not profess to be one of the "educated" classes, but I do think one may ask humbly the question, Who except an individual in the past has found the money to produce your co-operators' "capital from accumulated savings more than they know what to do with"? As an old rustic said to me yesterday, speaking of the increasing taxes and rates, "Money don't drop like manna from Heaven; I has to make it, and they has to spend it." Again, then, I humbly ask as the real question to be answered, Who finds the money to produce these "accumulated savings?" Is it the individual or the community?—

Yours, etc.,

Abinger Hall, *June 3rd.* FARRER.

[We cannot hardly satisfy Lord Farrer without writing a treatise on economics; and would he then be satisfied? But there seems to be nothing in the nature of facts at issue. It is obvious that, in so far as the co-operators' capital has been saved out of wages, it has been derived from wages. It does not follow that these wages have been found from private capital; in fact, no infinitesimal share of them has been received in State, Municipal or Co-operative employment. Moreover, in so far as they have been received in private or capitalist employment, Lord Farrer is surely not under the impression that wages are "found" from capital. For a couple of decades, at least, the economists have been telling us that wages come out of product.—ED. N.S.]

THE LEADBEATER CASE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Although I hold no brief for Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, I feel impelled in the interests of common justice to enter a protest against the terms of indictment quoted by you—*e.g.*, "criminally immoral practices." My reasons are based on a personal knowledge of the circumstances, which I believe is exceptional. I think it sufficient to say that the charges against Mr. Leadbeater are only rendered possible by an unthinking conventional attitude towards certain customs which cannot in any sense of the word be defended in the light of modern medical knowledge. In other words, any competent eugenist or psychologist would feel bound to judge the question with the utmost reserve. In conclusion, I am prepared to make the categorical statement that there is no English law which can in any way touch Mr. Leadbeater—a statement which in itself I hope will remove much possible misconception of the case.—Yours, etc.,

LIBRA.

THE STANDPOINT OF CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—That people who by their very education and the demands of their profession become incapable of understanding the progressive dreamers, visionaries and workers should earn a living by criticising them is one of the conventions of journalism with which we must combine to do away. With the exception of Tolstoi, I fancy Mr. Shaw is the one man who has dared to be outspoken about the ways of critics; who, mind you, lead the public taste, and consequently determine which out of the productions of a period are to be noticed by the people. Such is their power that they can keep works of great merit from being understood for a generation.

The day is not far off when the vital necessity of art will make itself felt, and the majority of people will realise the cramping influence of looking upon it as a frivolity or luxury, and in that day journalistic criticism will cease to exist. Tolstoi has said, in his little book called *What is Art*, that it is "first of all necessary to cease to consider art as a means to pleasure, but to consider it as one of the conditions of human life. . . . It is," he says (and who can deny it?), "one of the means of communication between man and man."

It is obvious to the ordinary man that the artists are the educators provided by Nature for the progress and delight of humanity. This being so, it is of the utmost importance that they shall be heard while in their prime, and above all that they shall be understood. The way in which an overworked journalist will hastily misinterpret the work to which a thinking artist has given many years of his life, and then proceed to criticise from the basis of this misinterpretation, and of his own preconceived ideas, is scandalous. The whole standpoint from which the critic works is wrong. The system is impossible. It would be better to have no critics at all, but to publish carefully written advertisements to tell people what the work is about, and leave them to judge for themselves whether they like it or no. The public knows what it wants and what it likes. And we must bear in mind that the only critic who matters is "the public"; and that "the public" is myriad-minded; whereas the opinion of the critics is at best but the opinion of a small body of men of one class, working to please a still smaller body of editors who are wonderful as purveyors of news, but know nothing of art.—Yours, etc.,

AMELIA DOROTHY DEFRIES.

MILITANCY AND THE SUFFRAGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Both in your own columns and generally throughout the public Press the discussion regarding Militancy exhibits one strange characteristic. Some condemn it because it injures the cause it professes to serve; others defend it because it affords the sole practical means of procuring redress for a shameful injustice. But no one is old-fashioned enough to suggest that there is a consideration that should take precedence of all balancing of profit or loss, or to ask the simple question, Is it right, or is it wrong? Yet, surely, this lies at the very heart of the matter, unless we are to cast aside the teachings of all religions and believe that we "can gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." Will, now, Miss Florence Underwood address her mind to this aspect of the argument, and offer a plain answer to a plain question? *Is it lawful to do evil that good may come?*—Yours, etc.,

R. KNIGHT.

Miscellany

"IT IS DONE, FATHER!"

SUNK deeply within its frame of snow-capped mountains, darkly fringed by the gardens which sloped towards it in luxuriant folds, the lake reflected in its serene blue waters the white houses scattered along its border. These seemed as if constructed of sugar, while everything around them wore the mood of an infant's slumber.

It was early morning. From the hills came the fragrant odour of flowers; the sun had just risen, and the dew still glistened on the leaves of the trees and on the grass. The road seemed like a grey ribbon thrown across the mountain passes; it was paved with stone, but it looked as soft as velvet, and it stirred a desire in one to stroke it with the hand.

Beside a pile of rock sat a workman with tawny face; there was a medal upon his breast; his face was serious, bold and pleasant.

Resting his bronzed arms on his knees, he inclined his gaze upward into the face of a passer-by, to whom he was saying:

"This medal, signor, was given me for working in the Simplon Tunnel."

And, lowering his eyes upon his breast, he smiled affably upon the pretty piece of metal.

"Yes, every labour is difficult until the time comes that you grow to love it, and then it stirs you and becomes lighter. All the same, it was hard work!"

He shook his head quietly, smiled at the sun, became enlivened suddenly, and his dark eyes grew radiant.

"I must admit it was terrible at times. Even the

earth must have her feelings, isn't that so? When we penetrated deeply into her, having cut the gash in the mountain, she greeted us very harshly. She blew upon us her hot breath, at which the heart sank, the head grew heavy, and the bones ached . . . many of us felt like that! Afterwards she began to cast out stones and poured upon us hot water; yes . . . it was terrible. And when the fires were burning the water would look red, and my father would say to me: 'We have wounded the earth, and she'll drown us; she'll scald all of us with her blood; now see if she don't!' Of course, that may sound a mere fancy; but let me assure you, when you hear words like these in the depth of the earth, in the midst of the damp, oppressive darkness, the melancholy splashing of waters, and the gnashing of iron against rock—one hasn't time to waste indulging in fancies! For all that, it was fantastic, dear signor; we were such small folk, and here was a mountain rising to the very skies. We pierced straight through its inside—you need to see it for yourself to understand. You need to see the gaping dark hole, drilled through by us little folk who entered it in the morning at sunrise—the sun would look sadly in our wake as we retreated from its light into the bowels of the earth . . . you need to see our machinery and the stern face of the mountain . . . and to hear from within its depths the sinister rumble and the detonations, resembling the mirth of a madman."

The speaker scrutinised his hands, readjusted the disc on his blue jacket, and sighed quietly.

"Man can work!" he continued, with unconcealed pride. "Yes, signor, man, small though he is, is an unvanquished power! And take my word for it, in the end of things man can accomplish all he sets out to do. My father did not believe that at first.

"'To cut through a mountain from one land to another,' he used to say, 'is against God, who divided the earth by means of mountain walls—you will see that the Madonna won't be with us!' That's where he made a mistake, the old man; the Madonna is with all who love her. Later my father began to think somewhat differently, because, as I say, he felt himself to be bigger and stronger than the mountain. Still, there were times, usually during holidays, when, with a bottle of wine before him, he would speak up to me and to others in this fashion:

"'Children of God!'—this was a pet phrase of his, because he was a good and religious man—'it isn't right to wrestle with the earth like that; she'll be avenged for her wounds, and will remain unconquered! Just wait and see. We will bore the mountain through to its very heart, and when we reach this point its flames will devour us, because the heart of the earth is fire, as everyone knows! To till the earth, and to develop her kind—that is what we have been commanded to do; but instead, we are disfiguring her face and her shape. Isn't it true that the deeper we are penetrating the mountain, the hotter the air becomes and the more difficult it is to breathe? . . .'"

He laughed mildly, and twisted his moustaches with the fingers of both hands.

"He was not alone in that way of thinking. It was really true. The deeper we went, the hotter the air grew in the tunnel, and the more men fell ill and dropped to the ground. And the hot springs spurted stronger, and the strata crumbled; two of us from Lugano went mad. In the barracks at night many were delirious, groaned and sprang out of bed in sudden fright. . . .

"'Am I not right?' father would say with awe in his eyes, his cough growing worse and worse. . . Yes. 'Am I not right?' he would say. 'She is unconquerable—the earth!'

"And finally he lay down, never to rise again. He was sturdy, was my old father; more than three weeks he argued with death, stubbornly, without whining—in fact, like a man who knows his value.

"'My work is done, Paolo,' he said to me one night. 'Take care of yourself and return home, and may the Madonna preserve you!'

"For a long time he remained silent; he closed his eyes and gasped."

The speaker rose to his feet, looked around him at the mountains, and stretched himself with such vigour that the tendons cracked.

"He then took my hand, drew me near him and said—it is the holy truth, signor!"

The man smiled affably.

"'Do you know, Paolo, my son,' said he, 'I somehow think it will be accomplished—that is, we and the others, who are approaching from the other side, will meet in the mountain; do you believe that we shall meet?'

"'I believe.'

"'Good, my son! That is the way it should be. Everything ought to be done with a faith in the final outcome and in God, who helps, through the prayers to the Madonna, in the accomplishment of fine deeds. I entreat you, my son, if this should happen, if the parties should meet, come to my grave and say: "Father, it's done," so that I shall know.'

"That was well, dear signor, and I promised him. He died five days after uttering these words, and two days before his death he begged me and others to bury him on the spot where he worked in the tunnel . . . he begged strongly, but that was due to his delirium, I think. . . .

"We and the others, who were approaching from the other direction, met in the mountain thirteen weeks after my father's death—it was a day of madness, signor! Oh, when we heard there, underground, in the dark, the noise of other workmen, a noise coming towards us under the earth—understand, signor, under the enormous mass of the earth, who could—if she only would—crush us little folk, all at once!

"Many days we listened to these sounds echoing, each day clearer, more comprehensible, and we were seized with the wild joy of conquerors—we worked like evil spirits, incorporeal beings, having no consciousness of fatigue, needing no instructions—upon my word, it was as good as dancing in the sunlight! And we all became affable and good, as children sometimes are. Oh, if you only knew how strong, how intensely powerful becomes the desire to meet your fellow-man in the darkness, underground, where for many long months you dug your way like a mole!"

He became more excited, approached close to the listener, and, looking intently into the latter's eyes with his own human eyes, continued quietly but joyously:

"And when, at last, the final layer fell in, and through the opening appeared the red flame of the torch and something dark and wet with tears of joy, and then a face, and more torches and faces, and the voices gave vent to their cries of victory and of joy—oh, that was the finest day of my life, and when I recall it I feel—well, that I haven't lived in vain! What a labour it was—a holy labour, signor! And when we once more walked out in the sun, many of us, pressing our breasts against the earth, kissed her and wept—and it felt so good, so good—truly as in a fairy tale! Yes, we kissed the conquered mountain, we kissed the earth—on that day she became especially near to me and comprehensible, signor, and I have grown to love her as though she were a woman.

"Of course, I went to my father—oh, yes. Of course . . . although I know that the dead can hear nothing, I went; one should respect the wishes of those who worked for us and suffered not less than we—isn't that so?

"Yes, yes, I went to his grave, stamped my foot on the ground, and said, as he wished me to:

"'Father, it is done!' said I. 'The people have conquered. It is done, father!'"

MAXIM GORKI.

(*Authorised translation by John Cournos.*)

IN THE PARK

THIS dense hard ground I tread,
These iron bars that ripple past,
Will they unshaken stand when I am dead
And my deep thoughts outlast?

Is it my spirit slips,
Falls, like this leaf I kick aside;
This firmness that I feel about my lips
Is it but empty pride?

Mute knowledge conquers me;
I contemplate them as they are—
Faint earth and shadowy bars that shake and flee,
Less hard, more transient far

Than those unbodied hues
The sunset flings on the calm river;
And as I move a swiftness thrills my shoes
And my hands with empire quiver.

Now light the ground I tread,
I walk not now, but rather float;
Clear but unreal is the scene outspread
Powerless, thin, remote.

Mere vapour is the grass,
So frail the trees and railings seem,
That did I sweep my hand around, 'twould pass
Through them, as in a dream.

Deathless, I fear no changes;
Shatter the world with thunders loud,
Still would I ray-like flit about the ranges
Of dark and ruddy cloud.

J. C. SQUIRE.

OLD AGE

OLD Mr. Gray is dead.

He had outstayed his welcome. Time had passed him by and left him stranded, a sombre reminder of a past generation to a later one, which, clutching eagerly at the future, can spare no time to look back. His wife, good, practical woman, died five years ago, and with her went the last link with his own time. As she died she prayed him to give their children sympathy and understanding, to make them his friends—to him the charge was a sacred one. After she had gone old Mr. Gray, a little bewildered, conscious only of a great loneliness, had set himself to be his children's companion, but somehow his place was hard to find; he and his wife had so long had each other for company that now there seemed no room among the others. They had so many interests. Janet, his only daughter, read science and philosophy and neglected the housekeeping to attend lectures on eugenics. John, his elder son, his darling, gentle like him, a dreamer, wrote verses instead of studying for his medical exam.

What could he say to Janet? He read some of her books, some of the plays she discussed so much; he thought he would talk to her about them, so that she would see that he, too, kept up with the times. His limbs were too stiff now to allow him more outings than his lonely afternoon drive, but he thought that, though he could not go to the theatre, he would order the plays and read them. How surprised and pleased Janet would be! But she only said: "My *dear* father, one can't possibly discuss a play one has not seen." John smiled kindly in a gentle, superior way when he recalled a long-dead uncle of his who had composed love songs; he said they were all right for the early Victorians, but we were more alive in these days. He had not noticed Cyril, his other son, much—he was so quiet, and he remembered what a blow it had been to his wife when he had asked to go abroad, to leave them all, just because he wanted an outdoor life. Cyril listened when he talked to him too; he was a good boy, but he was not the eldest son, and as his father and grandfather considered the eldest first, so did old Mr. Gray. He found it a little difficult to be as interested in Cyril's future as in John's, and when Cyril asked him about going abroad he would always say: "We must wait and see what John does, my boy."

He encouraged their friends to come to the house; his wife had always said: "Make the home bright." In his courtly way he talked to the young women who smoked and talked slang and the young men who seemed to have no manners at all—and what strange things they discussed! His brain almost whirled. Sometimes one of the girls remembered him and said: "I hope you are not shocked, Mr. Gray—we are all so advanced, you know," and he would bow gallantly and say that he, too, kept up with the times; but he usually found himself left out, isolated in his corner, a lonely figure of the past.

He thought of his wife and his old friends and the jolly evenings they had had, when they played whist and his wife always sang "Lovers Still" at the end. They didn't argue or discuss things, though sometimes the gentlemen had given their opinions on a topic of the day,

but he couldn't remember that the ladies had any views at all.

Then his reverie would be broken by one of the young people, who, with an almost imperceptible effort, would ask his opinion on politics or gardening, or something they felt might interest him if it did not them. They did not know that he noticed the effort, and they wanted to be kind, for they thought, "It must be a bit dull for the poor old thing." But on their way home they used to say how awful it seemed that the old man should have hold of all the money while the children who could use it to so much advantage should waste their youth in waiting. What a shame that the young should be sacrificed to the old! It was waste, and the younger generation cannot tolerate waste.

Janet sometimes complained a little that she could never go out because he could not be left. She did not mean to grumble, and she hated him to be lonely, so she sacrificed her time almost uncomplainingly. In the long evenings when they were alone, and she tried to read, he would interrupt her with extracts from his daily paper.

On the evening he died he was more trying than usual; his spectacles got mislaid, and when they were found he interrupted again and again. Janet tried frowning, but he did not see that, and she did not want to be unkind and ask him to stop; but it was almost impossible to read Kant with an accompaniment of daily news, and finally she just read on without listening, and said "Yes" occasionally, which seemed to do just as well as a more animated interest.

The ugly marble clock (one of his wedding presents) chimed loudly, and he took out his watch that had been many hours slow lately because he forgot to put it right when he wound it.

The chiming clock seemed a very long way off to-night—he did not hear it distinctly; but he felt sure it must be more than three o'clock as his watch said. It was such a good watch too; he had had it for years. It could not be wrong; he asked Janet about it, but she did not seem to hear.

He wondered what she was reading—she read such strange books; perhaps it was difficult; she seemed to be frowning. He felt sure it was after dinner, and yet the watch could not be wrong. He wondered where the boys were—playing bridge, perhaps. He wished he could play bridge too, then perhaps they would play at home; but he could not seem to master it—he supposed he was too old, and they did not seem to care for whist.

He asked Janet about the time again. This time she heard something about "three o'clock." She knew the watch was wrong, but how could anyone be so silly as to think it was three o'clock? "Of course it's past three o'clock," she said impatiently; "you're *hours* behind the time." Old Mr. Gray seemed to be murmuring indistinctly. "Years behind the times," he said, "years behind the times."

Then he had had the stroke.

At midnight, as he lay unconscious, Janet put a crucifix in his hand and prayed that he might be taken quickly. She thought how awful it would be to live like that—incurable. When Janet's mother had died in agonies of cancer, he, too, had put a crucifix in her hands and frenziedly cried to his God to spare her to him. He did not remember that it might be selfish not to wish her out of her pain.

Probably Janet's way was best.

. . . . . .

They buried him three weeks ago, and already all trace of him seems gone—effaced by the Present. His children are already arranging about a more modern house, and Janet is looking up more lectures to attend. John was going to cancel his season ticket for the Scandinavian Stage Society, but he thought afterwards that he would not, and has been to two performances since. He says he feels sure their father would not have wanted them to make themselves miserable—he is quite right too.

Janet has decided not to go just yet, as people would notice her, and they do talk so. Cyril seems quieter than usual. Someone said he had taken it most to heart; but Cyril was always so quiet. He says nothing about it, so one can't tell.

MARIE STANLEY THOMAS.

HOW THEY DO IT

IX. AND LAST: THE WRITERS OF MUSIC HALL SONGS.

[NOTE.—*We have composed the music of this as well, but a reproduction of that would make the page look rather ugly; in addition to which, we have no desire to perpetuate it.*]

Henery Brown is one of the nuts,
Henery Brown that's me,
And on Mr. Henery Brown
There ain't many flies that you can see.
I was coming down the Strand one night
When what should I see but a cop,
So I gave him a bob on top of his nob,
It fairly made him hop.

CHORUS:

For I'm one of the nuts (not 'arf!)
The horty-snorty nuts (and don't you forget it!)
And when I trot down the Row on my mare,
All the gals turn round and stare,
"Well, ain't he a corker, I declare,"
For I'm one of the nuts.

I went into the Army once,
For I thought I'd like to fight,
And I got on like a house a-fire
Till the Colonel said, "Eyes right."
"Eyes right," says I; "no, they're not quite right,
In fact, you've got a squint."
And what the Colonel then said to me,
Well, it wouldn't look nice in print.

For I'm one of the nuts, etc.

[*Other verses follow bearing upon Mr. Brown's experiences in the Navy, as a railway porter, and with the Suffragettes. If the song is going down, a verse about Mr. Lloyd George and the Insurance Act may be added.*]

Art and Drama

NEW ENGLISH AND OLD DUTCH

NO popular outcry is likely to be raised at the exodus from these shores of the beautiful old Flemish and Dutch pictures presented by Mr. Max Michaelis to the Union of South Africa, which are now being exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. Much as we should like to keep them all here—the Demidoff Rembrandt, the Kann Hals, and the full-length Vandyck, if our choice were restricted to three—we are more than consoled for the loss of them in reflecting on the circumstances in which they are going.

Apart from the three masterpieces mentioned, and a couple of glorious landscapes by Jacob Ruysdael, there is nothing in the collection of sensational interest, and its charm consists in the quality of the numerous pictures painted by minor artists in the natural course of their careers. They are pictures that we should like to have in our houses rather than in our public galleries, pictures that reflect the spirit of everyday life as we should like it to be. Masterpieces of painting are all very well, but there comes a time when we almost yearn for something less demanding than "gallery works"—whether masterpieces or not. These are just the sort of domestic pictures that we should like to rest our eyes upon at home after spending an afternoon at the Royal Academy or in the parrot-house at the Zoo. We can imagine where we should like to hang each one of them on our own walls—there are only forty-five all told—and how nice they would look. Beyeren's splendid heaps of fruit and fish, Snyder's concert of singing birds, Oehtervelt's and Jan Steen's apotheoses of the pet dog—and oh, the little *Shepherd* of Teniers! But there!—we shall never set eyes on any of them again, so what is the use of talking about it? Let us wish them God-speed, and then try to console ourselves for their absence by seeing how our own countrymen are filling up the gap.

We observe that our twopenny contemporary (the *Times*) commits itself to the opinion that the main difference between the exhibitions of the New English and the Royal Academy is that at the former most of the pictures are much better painted. The New English has certainly achieved a good many surprising results, but nothing nearly equal to this. It is rather hard when a strenuous band of artists have been labouring for years to bring about a revolution in art or in popular taste—it matters not which—to be told with such authority that their latest exposition is "no more revolutionary than that at Burlington House." If their hearts are broken, who can wonder!

Well, let us hope their hearts are of less crackable stuff than those of the critics. For the *Times* is possibly right, and we should be sorry indeed if this were the last time the New English opened its doors to the public. The Tango we may or may not be able to do without, but the New English we cannot spare, just as we are beginning to take it seriously. I can remember the day when people went there just for fun.

But granted that the pictures there are better painted than those at Burlington House, is it possible to say that the New English Art Club affords an alternative in which we may discover anything of as much permanent value as the minor works of the old Dutch painters? How many of the canvases at present on view in Suffolk Street can we imagine a couple of hundred years hence in a room devoted to the early twentieth-century painters? There is no doubt whatever that a considerable number of the members of the Club can paint, but the question is—do they? Are they quite fair to themselves and to their establishment in opening an exhibition which contains so little when it might contain so much? Why don't they buck up? A couple of pictures apiece from Messrs. Augustus John, Orpen, Connard, John Sargent, Walter Russell, and Steer, to mention a few of the principal names, would alone make an exhibition worth seeing, and there are plenty of others ready to help them in getting out a really splendid show. But what do we find? One really fine picture, and the rest nowhere. They are all very interesting and clever, and most of them are very bright; but as a whole they strike one as a singularly meagre harvest from a field so rich and so well tilled. Mr. Walter Russell has stacked all his sheaves at the Goupil Gallery—is this fair to the Club? Mr. Connard's brilliant portrait of the little dancer was at the International—why? Looking at the bulk of the pictures, and bearing in mind these conspicuous absences, one is inclined to suppose that by calling themselves "New" the Club really meant "up to date," and that the older masters were to give place year by year to the next flight. Provided that the younger generation knock with sufficient force at the door, this is a very excellent plan; but if they are only going to potter about outside, it will be much better for the doorkeepers to go on with their own painting, and take no more notice of those outside than to set them fine examples that can be seen through the windows. It is not that there is any lack of promise—the gallery is full of it, and the section devoted to drawings and etchings would be a credit to any national exhibition. But the paintings are like sheep having no shepherdess, and they want rounding up. If the public are invited to visit a picture gallery, they expect to see something for their money, and an exhibition requires just as careful staging as a pantomime or an opera. The leading parts must be taken by the leading actors, and not be left to care for themselves. There are plenty of other parts for the lesser and the newer people, and their chances of public recognition are enormously increased by the presence of their leaders.

Mr. Orpen's portrait—*Myself*, as he calls it—is the one big thing in the gallery; it certainly is a rather defiant assertion of his individuality, and if it were placed in the Uffizi it might be a shock to Holman Hunt. But it is a wonderful painting, and in sending it to Suffolk Street rather than elsewhere Mr. Orpen has set an example to his fellow members, which it is to be hoped they will follow when the November Exhibition is held. Mr. John would have been much fairer to himself and to the public if he had also taken his individuality into his own hands instead of entrusting it to another.

RANDALL DAVIES.

THE SORROWS OF CRŒSUS

ALL traces of the siege of the Garrick Theatre, which some weeks ago amused the public and advertised M. Henri de Rothschild's forthcoming play, have vanished, nor does a tablet yet commemorate the spot where Arthur Bourchier stood at bay. I am already getting a little hazy as to what the row was about, though the papers were full of it. Was it not something connected with the defects of this translation? Having listened to the play, I can conceive it being the cause of a quarrel, for the phraseology is very stiff and pompous—and yet that it should be so hardly matters. Both those who said the translation was lamentable and those who said it would do nicely were clearly right enough to account for their getting very angry with each other. One sentence still sounds in my ears which will serve as an example of the dialogue. "Crœsus," the Comte Sorbier, in order to bring home to his faithless mistress at once the hopelessness of a reconciliation and the im-

mensity of his past pain (" the wound," he says, speaking of her treachery, " is healed but the scar remains "), tells her he once possessed a precious " goblet " which he used to take out, fondle and admire. One day it fell and was smashed into a thousand pieces, when " the once cherished treasure became a relic of the past." *Ergo*, so has she. Here, if the phraseology is not happy, it is, you observe, not unworthy of the simile. If the translation is bad, the play can stand it. Not that the play is dull; if you are one at all curious about human nature it promotes reflection.

We are all of us interested in the mental and emotional experiences of people who are placed in exceptional positions. Our interest in Royal Personages is of this description, about whom we wonder rather blankly what it must feel like to be hedged round by ceremonial deference, and to find one's appearance on any scene the signal for vague, histrionic excitement. We would like to know the scope and kind of freedom which is left in such lives for normal human relationships, which are wider than the purely domestic. In the same way, though to a less degree, the psychology of very rich, ridiculously rich, people excites curiosity; and this play is interesting because it is the *cri du cœur* of a multi-millionaire. It is not the cry of a heart which knows itself, as I shall attempt to show, very well; but that fact only makes the case more interesting to the analyst. M. Henri de Rothschild has tried to make us understand where the shoe, or rather the glittering, pointed, patent-leather boot, of the millionaire pinches. He wants our sympathy.

We all know the proverb: " When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window." We know, too, having seen it happen so often that it is hardly worth making a proverb about it, that when love comes in at the door it is frequently money that flies out at the window; but is the converse as true, that when money enters love takes wing? This is M. Henri de Rothschild's contention, and it is worth examining.

The Comte Sorbier is a financier who has inherited a stupendous fortune, and he has of course to work hard to keep it in sound condition. He is one of those men who are so grotesquely rich that he cannot take a step without the gold chinking in his pockets; and inevitably towards middle-life the alert prick of the ear which the rustle of notes and the rattle of coin produce in the human animal has got intensely on his nerves. Those of us who have ever basked and panted for a day or two in the aureate atmosphere which emanates from such men as Sorbier have marvelled at the collection of bare-faced spongers and cheeky sycophants they tolerate, and perhaps at the surly, impersonal gesture with which lavish hospitality is chucked at them. But there is really little here to wonder about; Crœsus often gets cynical enough to prefer the frank greediness of the shark who is an adept at his business, or the cringe of the hard, persistent, little toady, to the company of those in whom the interested motive is more gracefully concealed or less strong. One can forgive him this, one can forgive him any amount of cynicism; but, alas, that is not generally his real failing, which is to be sentimental about money, and especially about his own. I had already from observation concluded that this was usually Crœsus' commonest failing, and M. Henri de Rothschild has extravagantly confirmed it. His hero is a typical millionaire in this, that he complains that money cannot procure anything really worth having, and in the same breath laments that by giving the dross away he cannot make people genuinely grateful or fond of him. He blasphemes the great god Mammon and denies his miracles; and at the same time complains that, though his favoured child, he has not a hold upon the affections of others. In the first act Sorbier's friends discuss who is the man who may be said to be too rich. They express the opinion that since Sorbier has everything covetable in the world, it would be outrageously unfair that he should get disinterested affection as well. The good man of the play, however, protests that this is " an ugly picture," and propounds the enormously absurd proposition that " no man is too rich as long as he can enjoy the disinterested love of *one* woman." The rest of the play is employed in showing that poor Sorbier is too rich—I surmise his income to be something between £250,000 and £300,000—but he very nearly succeeds in getting his one woman. I should have thought success in this matter depended more on the woman or on the lovableness of the man himself than upon the moderateness of his income. But certainly if there is anything in this theory of M. Henri de Rothschild's that there is an inverse ratio between wealth and the power to win disinterested affection, the command many of us have over the devotion of women must be greater than we thought.

Sorbier keeps in his safe an alpaca coat and an old wide-awake. Sometimes when his work is over he sallies forth in these as Bernard Pioche, Insurance Agent, in search of " real, honest, downright love." And joy! he finds it at last in the arms of a seamstress, who makes about fifty francs a month. But his bliss is brief. One evening she comes home in high spirits because she has the chance of concluding an arrangement with a rich old gentleman which will at once release her from the slavery she endures at the shop and her lover from the necessity of supplementing her starvation wages from his own meagre means. Sorbier is inexpressibly shocked; here is money coming in again and playing its shameful part in human destinies. She is rather puzzled at his being so stupid as not to see that, swallowing the moral humiliation, such an arrangement will be of benefit to them both. She assures him that her gentleman is a rich old man who will have no objection to her keeping her lover. Sorbier questions her sharply and discovers that the old gentleman is no other than the Vicomte de Fonsac, one of the most impecuniously pertinacious of his own parasites. " *He* a rich man! " cries Sorbier with a shout of bitter laughter, " I never knew Fonsac had humour before! " (Note here the pride of purse suddenly speaking out of this disillusioned Midas.) He then reveals himself as Sorbier to the rather scared and staggered Yvonne, and sits down to write her out what is presumably a handsome cheque. This done, he feels he must sever himself from her for ever—for the Serpent of Money has entered their Garden of Eden. She shows by her manner that she realises what this slip of paper will mean to her—health, happiness, variety, friendship, self-respect, pleasure, children, honour; and yet that goose of a millionaire actually takes himself off sad at heart because he has been able to give all these things to some one he loves! I suggest to M. Henri de Rothschild that Sorbier's behaviour at this moment reveals an egotism and money-bag-ridden-consciousness which accounts much more plausibly than the colossal size of his income for his failure to attach people to himself. Most people are so poor that as long as the brain is in a healthy condition they will have money on it; a few are so rich that they think about money just as much as the poor, but this is not a healthy state; for them the first step towards convalescence is to realize by an effort of the imagination that in those who are hard-up an eye to the main chance is not a sign that they are blind to everything else, not even to the good personal qualities of millionaires. M. Henri de Rothschild ought to read *The Note Books* of Samuel Butler—the reflections in them on money would bring him peace. I feel almost disinterested enough to send him a copy myself.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Poet Laureate, who died this week, had rather dropped out of notice for some years, as even the newspaper humorists got tired of making the same jokes about him. His appointment as Laureate, after all, was not his own fault, but Lord Salisbury's. The Liberals, on the death of Tennyson, refrained from nominating anyone to the office, and when Lord Salisbury chose Alfred Austin, though many better poets were alive, he did so chiefly because Mr. Austin was a socially and politically irreproachable person who had been a good Party leader-writer on the *Standard*. Mr. Austin's verse was a little better than was believed by many people who had not read it. The best of it was rather pleasant diluted Tennyson. But occasionally, when he tried to fly with wings to which he had not become accustomed, he came croppers. I remember an Ode to a Wind (I think the North-Wester) in one of the reviews, which contained the lines :

> I ride without bridle or bit or spur
> On the back of the bounding brine.

* * *

There is no reason why, merely because the last appointwas a failure, the office should be discontinued. Some people write as though just because Pye was once Poet Laureate no other poet should deign to accept the job. It is certainly a curious post, and it is often badly filled ; but we must not forget that the mere fact that what State patronage there is of the arts is frequently maladministered is no argument for abolishing such patronage altogether. There are always many writers who could not conscientiously accept the Laureateship on account of the official duties attached, but as long as there is a good man who would not object to writing loyal odes one ought to rejoice to see him getting an accretion to his income, and standing as a symbol of the importance that the arts hold (or rather ought to hold) in civic life.

* * *

Who ought to succeed Austin I don't profess to say. Undoubtedly the most widely-read and popular of our living poets—though his work may not have the lasting qualities of some modern verse—is Mr. Kipling. He no more represents the spirit of the mass of good contemporary writers than the middle-aged Wordsworth, a far greater man, represented that of the Romantic Era ; but he is a very distinguished figure, a representative Englishman, and a sound monarchist. Mr. William Watson has the mechanism of commemorative verse at his fingers' ends, and could write loyal odes on his head ; but perhaps Mr. Asquith will try to think of somebody else. Undoubtedly the poet of the hour is Mr. Masefield. It would be a very humorous stroke on the Prime Minister's part to offer the Laureateship to him. "Mr. Masefield endeavouring to Chasten his Muse with a View to Celebrating the Nuptials of the Prince of Wales" would make a subject for a Max Beerbohm cartoon. Mr. Noyes, Mr. Bridges and Mr. Newbolt are possible, but Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. A. E. Housman can none of them be imagined in the position of official bard. Imagine the author of *A Shropshire Lad* exhorting a new King on his succession :

> Now treads Britannia new fields of hope,
> For Empire dawns a brighter, happier day ;
> Cheer up, lads, there's still the rope
> And a six-foot bed of clay !

But, on second thoughts, I think the Laureateship might as well be abolished after all.

And I may add that the *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes "on very high authority" a definite statement that this is what will happen. According to that journal, "the King intimated some time ago that he considered this was an entirely unnecessary post in his Household, and there are several other positions that will likewise be abolished when the present holders die." This is the kind of exercise of the Royal power that should be fostered. As far as the Laureateship is concerned, there cannot even be any qualms about sweeping away an ancient and traditional piece of trapping. For the job never existed before the seventeenth century, although Chaucer is held by some to have been Poet Laureate save in name.

* * *

The hunger strike is not so original as we have thought it. The other day I picked up on a bookstall a volume intituled *An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food as a Moral Duty*, by Joseph Ritson. In the course of arguing that animal food (or, in some cases, food of any kind) is not necessary Mr. Ritson observes :

> In the thirty-first of Edward the Third (1357) there is a pardon of execution of judgement granted to one Cicely de Rygeway, though indicted and condemn'd for killing her husband, for that she had fasted for FORTY DAYS TOGETHER, in arctâ prisonâ, without meat or drink.

He then gives a second case :

> John Scot, a Scotish man, being cast in a suit of law, and knowing himself insolvent, took sanctuary in the abbey of Holyroodhouse, where, out of a deep discontent, "he abstain'd from all meat and drink thirty and forty days together. Publick rumour bringing this abroad, the King himself resolve'd to have it put to trial : whereupon he was shut up, in a private room in the Castle of Edinburgh, whereunto no man had access, and had a little bread and water set by him, which he has found not to have tasteëd in thirty-two days. This proof of his abstinence being giveën, he was set at liberty, and went to Rome, where he gave the like proof of it to Pope Clement the Seventh ; at Venice ; and, in his return, at London ; where, inveighing against Henry the Eighth, for his divorcing Queen Catharine, and his defection from the see of Rome, he was thrust into prison, where he continue'd, also, fasting for fifty days together."

* * *

It must be admitted that this upsets the argument that nobody save idealistic political criminals would have the pluck and resolution to fast for long in gaol. But, on the other hand, it also proves that our ancestors scorned resort to Cat and Mouse procedure. If the prisoner was sportswoman enough to brave the pangs of prolonged hunger they regarded her self-imposed torture as adequate substitute for the penalties enjoined by the law. But possibly if Mrs. de Rygeway had begun running through a series of husbands at the price of forty days' fasting apiece Mr. McKenna's then predecessor might have felt obliged to ask Parliament to countenance exceptional measures.

* * *

There was a pleasing sentence in Tuesday's instalment of the *Daily News* serial story (by Mr. Harold Spender), which I always read. It ran as follows :

> Instead of following the movements of the cap, she calculated on its turns, and fleeting lightly across the space, cut off several corners, arrived ahead of Harry, caught at the rebellious runaway with swift, prehensile fingers, just as it was about to link its fortunes with the Ocean, turned in her flight, and stood there on the verge of sea, prettily backed by the blue waters and the white foam of breaking waves, presenting to her pursuer a laughing face, with the cap held archly and provocatively above her head.

The Liberals of Cambridge Town can congratulate themselves upon the fact that their candidate is at least a Master of the Comma.

SOLOMON EAGLE.

NEW NOVELS

The Gods are Athirst. By ANATOLE FRANCE. John Lane. 6s.

The Destroying Angel. By L. J. VANCE. Grant Richards, Ltd. 6s.

Into the Unseen. By G. H. LUSTY. William Rider & Son, Ltd. 6s.

In *The Gods are Athirst* M. Anatole France does not, in the ordinary sense of the word, tell a story; that is to say, there is in the book no systematised plot, no real development of character. He gives us rather a series of incidents which occurred in Paris, between the summer of 1793 and the fall of Robespierre in July, 1794, together with very carefully individualised portraits of some of the men and women who took part in them. These men and women are imagined and not historic persons, and the incidents are not those familiar to students of the French Revolution, or to readers of fiction which has that period for its *mise en scène*. Of the assassination of Marat, for instance, one sees and hears little more than one would have heard and seen had one been looking over the parapet of the Pont Neuf at the moment when it happened. Nor does one witness, as one expected to witness, the trial of Charlotte Corday or the execution of Marie Antoinette. One does witness some trials though, for M. France's chief character—if he may be said to have a chief character—becomes a paid juror of one of the Revolutionary Tribunals. They are, for the most part, trials of obscure generals charged with cowardice or inefficiency in the face of the enemy, of contractors accused of malversation, of *cocottes* and of old street hawkers who had had the temerity to cry *Vive le roi!* in moments of temporary aberration. Of these beaten generals—they were not as a rule traitorous generals, for traitors were usually clever enough to keep clear of the Tribunals—the author observes:

> They were all alike, these empty-headed, opinionated soldiers with the brains of a sparrow in an ox's skull. . . . both sides, prosecution and defence, were lost in a fog of effectives, objectives, munitions and ammunitions, marches and counter-marches. But the mass of citizens, listening to these obscure and never-ending details, could see behind the half-witted soldier the bare and bleeding breast of the fatherland enduring a thousand deaths; and by look and voice urged the jurymen, sitting quietly on their bench, to use their verdict as a club to fell the foes of the Republic.

As one gets into the mind of Évariste Gamelin, the artist-juror—and M. France sees to it that one does get into it—one finds oneself understanding The Terror and its ways more clearly than one could ever hope to understand it from the reading of historic documents. One understands the apparent callousness of judges and jurors, their seemingly entire disregard of the common claims of justice. One understands, too, the long-sustained acquiescence of the ordinary citizens of Paris in what, judged from the historic standpoint, were frightful things. Fresh from condemning twenty or thirty of his probably innocent fellow creatures to immediate death, Gamelin goes straight to the embraces of his mistress; and yet one realises, quite clearly, that the man was not a tiger or anything like a tiger, that blood-lust formed no part of his being, that he was much more of a pedant. It was true artistry that prompted M. France to send Gamelin and a small company of his friends away for a jolly little week-end picnic out of Paris; while in Paris during their absence this sort of thing was toward:

> Turning into the Place de la Révolution one caught sight of a steel triangle glittering between two wooden uprights; it was the guillotine. An immense crowd of light-hearted spectators pressed round the scaffold, waiting the arrival of the loaded carts. Women were hawking Nanterre cakes on a tray hung in front of them and crying their wares; sellers of cooling drinks were tinkling their little bells; at the foot of the Statue of Liberty an old man had a peep-show in a small booth surmounted by a swing on which a monkey played its antics. Underneath the scaffold some dogs were licking yesterday's blood.

Lurid is the adjective with which reviewers mostly feel themselves constrained to qualify novels and stories that have French revolutionary episodes and personages for their themes. No word could be more grotesquely inapplicable to *The Gods Are Athirst*. But it is altogether too late in the day to comment on the style or the method of M. Anatole France. Small criticism of the work of so supreme a master of his material as he were too ridiculously superfluous. One might say a commendatory word of the translation had one happened to have read the original. But I have not.

It was not her fault, poor dear! that far and wide throughout These States she was known as *The Destroying Angel*, for, so far as we are told, she never directly caused the death of so much as a fly. But in the atmosphere she created around her, or perhaps in the *aura* she gave forth, there would seem to have been something lethal. It was a perilous thing to approach too near to Mary, to become betrothed to her was suicidal. One after another her suppliants came to a sudden, violent and inexplicable end. It did not seem to matter greatly whether Mary accepted you or not; to propose to her was enough to ensure for you an early demise. There was poor Tom Custer—in her own words, "a dear boy." He killed himself immediately after rejection. Next there was Billy Hamilton, whom she did accept; he was "taken mysteriously," as she put it, "from a crowded ship in mid-ocean." Then there was a man named Mitchell Thurston; him she liked and would have married, but "he was shot down, like a mad dog, in broad daylight—no one ever knew by whom, or why." Then, finally, or almost finally, there was Drummond. He initiated his career as an engaged man by embezzling trust funds—up to that time he had been a lawyer of unimpeachable character—and disappeared on the very eve of his marriage, presumably into the Harlem River by way of Washington Bridge. Really one cannot help feeling that her father's chauffeur, with whom at the outset of her career she eloped, and who left her on the evening of the self-same day, taking with him all her jewellery, had something to say for himself. Probably he had a premonition. The man who actually did marry her came off best; but then he had less to risk, for a few hours previously he had been informed by the doctors that he had but a short time to live, and he left her at the church door, as it were. But Whitaker's best was a bad best; death, in one form or another, dogged his footsteps. Somebody was always trying to kill him, and when men desisted from their murderous efforts Nature took her turn. The storm and shipwreck episode is quite exciting, and really admirably done. One cannot say of Mr. Vance that verisimilitude is exactly his *forte*. Indeed, than *The Destroying Angel* I have never read a more unlikely story, but I have read many a duller. It has in it the matter of several novelettes.

Long and somewhat painful experience prevents my taking the advice of Robert Browning and greeting the Unseen "with a cheer" when I happen upon it in the title of a new novel. On the contrary, it always fills me with the gloomiest anticipations, for I always feel pretty certain that I am about to be bored. The Unseen is a potent but an intractable entity. There are not half a dozen living writers of fiction who can successfully tackle it; indeed, I do not think, if I were put to it, that I could name more than three. Mr. Henry James is one of them, Mr. Algernon Blackwood is another, but Mr. Lusty is not. He does his

commendable best, he tries laboriously and worthily to prepare us to receive a grue, and I will not say that he does not prepare us. What I will say is, that when we are ready, the grue itself invariably fails to happen. Mr. Lusty's story is written in the first person. The narrator sets out to India with a view to "probing into the darkness"; in other words, to making the acquaintance of the Unseen. Over here the Society for Psychical Research was not of the faintest use to him. What he wanted was solitude, and in these "neurotic islands . . . it (solitude) was a product which was not indigenous." Arrived in India he heard rumours of a fakir, somewhere up country, who was in the habit of talking to and being talked to by tigers. It is from the mouths of those formidable and ferocious beasts, we learn for the first time with some surprise, that the Unseen communicates with those who are still upon the earth plane; so our enterprising investigator makes straight through the jungle for the fakir. He does fall in with a tiger by the way, but the brute had nothing whatever to say to him; it gives him rather a bad mauling, that's all. Incidentally he falls in love, and his love is returned. The temptations to linger by the beloved's side must have been dreadful, but, like the hero of *Excelsior*, he resists them and hurries on. He does reach the fakir, he does see the fakir talking, or pretending to talk, to a tiger; but not a word, not a single word, that the fakir says to the tiger, or the tiger to the fakir, are we ever vouchsafed. That fakir is the saddest disappointment; he is called a holy one, but he is not a holy one unless, indeed, occult ideas of holiness differ widely from ours. He is an envious, murderous old ruffian. However, by means of a potion, Hilton did manage to get out of his own body. Here is what, and all that, happened:

> Side by side with that of the fakir, my spirit—which is I—stood for a few brief moments. (But I pause yet once again. I must needs tell my story in the language of earth, though the want of a substance presses upon me at every step. How could that *stand* which had neither solidity, nor gravity? And how may *moments* be reckoned in a state where time rules not?)

One does not know, and Mr. Hilton does not say; at the end of three hundred and thirty pages he still has not said. Three hundred and thirty pages! and yet one experiences not a symptom of what the author himself calls "horripilation."

HUBERT BLAND.

JANE AUSTEN

Life and Letters of Jane Austen. By W. and R. A. AUSTEN-LEIGH. Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.

How exactly and admirably true are those famous lines of Wordsworth which on first reading sound so like nonsense:

> And you must love him ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love!

If we did not know that the letters in this biography were written by Jane Austen they would probably interest us little. But since we love her and she wrote them we find her in every line and enjoy them. Even when they are disappointing and commonplace, they are, paradoxically, characteristic of her. In intimate family correspondence we feel it is precisely thus that she would fail in, or rather abandon altogether, the attempt to be her brilliant self. Indeed, we should feel it almost as a contradiction in her character if the greater part of every letter that she wrote had not been devoted to the important, but now utterly trivial, scraps of news those she wrote to would have been most glad to hear. It is part of the charming pride and almost terrifying sense of proportion which we feel in her work that the idea of displaying her turn for neatest wit and polished point in letters to the family circle should never have occurred to her; and it is only such letters that we possess. Nor have we by any means all of these. Her sister Cassandra, who in her old age became aware that future generations might be curious about the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*, destroyed those which a strict sense of privacy prompted her to save from the eyes of strangers. There are no letters to anyone who did not know Jane's characteristics too well to make it necessary for her to appear at her best, even had she allowed vanity to prompt her to do so. But in these letters which we have the sparkling good-humour and that finely tempered balance, the dread enemy of egotism, whether taking the form of over-blown pretentiousness or selfish foibles, are to be felt like a personal presence: these letters help us to realise the mood in which Jane Austen wrote. It is only occasionally that the turn of her sentences exhibits that tart neatness we enjoy so much in her books; as, for instance, when she quotes the excuse of a friend for not writing that "as everybody whom Lucy knew when she was in Canterbury has now left it, she has nothing at all to write to her about," and adds "by *everybody* I suppose Miss Fletcher means that a new set of officers have arrived." Or, again, "Mr. Richard Harvey is going to be married, but as it is a great secret and only known to half the neighbourhood, you must not mention it." On one occasion, when some young man had apparently paid her rather marked attention, she writes, and the letter is intensely characteristic of her, even if she had returned his interest to the full: "She did not once mention the name of the former to *me*, and I was too proud to make any enquiries. . . . She showed me a letter which she had received, towards the end of which was a sentence to this effect: 'I am very sorry to hear of Mrs. Austen's illness; it would give me particular pleasure to have an opportunity of improving my acquaintance with that family, with the hope of creating for myself a nearer interest. But at present I cannot indulge any expectation of it.' This is rational enough; there is less love and more sense in it than sometimes appeared before, and I am very well satisfied. It would all go on exceedingly well, and decline away in a very reasonable manner. There seems no likelihood of his coming into Hampshire this Christmas, and it is therefore most probable that our indifference will soon be mutual, unless his regard, which appeared to spring from knowing nothing of me at first, is best supported by never seeing me." According to her biographers there was a much more serious romance in her life than this one, to which her sister, Cassandra, years afterwards, referred in a manner which impressed the younger generation of nephews and nieces. A young naval officer, a suitor whom, Cassandra gave them to understand, Jane Austen would have accepted, died a short time after they had first seen much of each other. It is impossible for her biographers, or for anyone, to know how important this episode was in her life, but it is legitimate to surmise that we owe to this tragedy something of the charm and delicacy of feeling in the story of Anne Elliot.

This new life of Jane Austen is the most completely documented one yet published. It is founded on the *Memoirs* written by her nephew in 1870, which must always remain the one first-hand account of her. Since that book, the letters of Jane to Cassandra, edited by Lord Brabourne, have been the most important source of further information. The aim of the present biographers has been to correct the impression that her life was scantily furnished with events and experiences. This impression may be attributed to the fact that, to her nephews and nieces who were responsible for the picture of her drawn in the memoir,

she had evidently appeared, at the end of her life, as leading a very detached and quiet existence, though in early days she had seen a good deal of society and thoroughly enjoyed it. Reserve, too, had prompted them to pass over in silence the sentimental and emotional side of her character, with the result that it was supposed by many that such experiences had played a very small part in her life. It is one of the merits of the present biography that this misapprehension is corrected, though the biographers have little or no new information to give us on such points.

"She was singularly free," says one of her nieces, "from the habit of looking out for people's foibles for her own amusement or the entertainment of her hearers. . . . I do not suppose she ever in her life said a sharp thing." Her biographers draw the conclusion that wherever in her letters a passage occurs characteristic of the exquisite malice which twinkles in the pages of her books, it is only Jane Austen's good-humoured fun, and that the criticism implied is never seriously meant. This is surely a mistake. Carping and peevish certainly she never was, and everything points to her having possessed the sweetest amiability of temper, but it is positively grievous to think, though we can never attribute to her malice in any mean or spiteful sense of the term, that in her conversation the intuitions of the comic spirit had not freer play than her biographers, presumably in their anxiety that we should not forget her beautiful loyalty, suggest was actually the case.

The work of Jane Austen is a striking instance in the history of literature of the dependence of profundity of effect upon a strict limitation of view. It is partly because she leaves so many sides of life untouched and so many of its depths unprobed that she succeeds in projecting a picture of it which, on its own scale and within its own bounds, is so supremely satisfactory. What makes her achievement one of the happiest in fiction is that there is no confusion in her mind as to the standards by which the conduct of men and women must be judged. Like most writers who are born children of the Comic Muse, she believed that our civilisation was founded upon commonsense. The unrivalled shrewdness of her laughter has its origin in the conviction, so deep as never to be consciously questioned, that the verdicts of society at its best are irrefragably true. Comedy may spring, too, from a new subversive reading of human nature, but its expression, in that case, in art very seldom attains that roundness and completeness which characterises the comedy which reflects, at a given moment, the refined commonsense of a whole society.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT

The Woman Movement. By ELLEN KEY. Putnam. 6s.
Problems of the Sexes. By JEAN FINOT. David Nutt. 12s. 6d. net.

The woman movement has been so long a time with us that it is difficult to write about it without saying much that seems obvious and commonplace. Neither of the two books before us quite escapes that danger; indeed, there is a curiously old-fashioned air about many of Ellen Key's chapters, and a certain pretentiousness about the more scientific presentment of feminism attempted by M. Finot, which we must presently examine more closely. But both writers are animated by an equally sincere spirit of sympathy with woman's struggle to be free. Ellen Key may justly claim to be regarded as a pioneer of latter-day feminism. As Mr. Havelock Ellis says in his admirable preface, she is "a woman who for nearly half a century has pondered, felt, studied, observed this movement in many parts of the world"; yet "it would not be easy to find a book in which the claims of feminism are more reasonab and temperately set forth." As we should expect from the author of *The Century of the Child*—the book which in 1901 first made this Swedish lady famous—the influence which the woman movement may have upon conceptions of motherhood is her chief concern. She deals first with the history of woman in the past, with her function as the disseminator of culture in mediæval times, when it was she who created the home and practised the arts and awarded the prize to the victor in feats of arms. Then she traces the growth of women's employment in commerce, as the modern industrial system developed, and incidentally regrets what seem to her the misdirected efforts of those advocates of women's rights who are so anxious to open to women all fields of labour that they neglect to inquire whether those fields are equally well suited to either sex.

With the growth of Socialism feminism has spread more widely. Ellen Key analyses with some penetration the rather grudging attitude to their women comrades of male Socialists; but, at the same time, points out that socialistic theories first taught women to stand together and to resist the middle-class industrialism which sought to make capital out of the illusory "freedom to work" of unorganised women workers. But whilst recognising that feminism has gained many economic victories, Ellen Key is not very certain of the future position of women in science, literature and the arts. She admits that we have not yet a sufficiently wide experience to draw any certain conclusions about woman's possible or probable achievements, but she believes that woman is interpretative rather than creative, a valuable intermediary of culture rather than its originator. Indeed, she goes further and speaks of woman—especially the woman journalist—as a menace to culture. This is rather sweeping: we quite agree that journalism is a profession easily overcrowded by ill-equipped amateurs, but we see no reason to suppose that such amateurishness is or will be confined to any one sex. She is more interesting when she comes to deal with problems of feminine psychology. She has much to say on the paramount need for women of preserving their instinct-life, and on the fallacy of regarding "personality" as consisting solely of the intellectual qualities. She says, with great wisdom, that it is not what a woman does but how she does it which will determine her influence in the world of men. "A woman may charm a man by a political speech and drive him away by her table-talk. A poor working woman can, without a word, induce the same man to give her his seat in a street car who the next minute can be brutal to an assuming and incapable fellow-workwoman. In a word, what a woman makes of her rights and what they make of her—that alone determines the measure of veneration, sympathy, love which she may expect from a man." She points out that things have moved so fast that the modern woman is suffering at present from an excess of "raw culture material" richer than she is yet quite adapted to utilise, and that therefore to some extent women have lost their equilibrium. But this is only a temporary phase. The immense widening of opportunity has revolutionised the outlook for the single woman, the "revolting" or unrevolting daughter. But it has also led to a supply greater than the demand in many professions, with a resulting low level of remuneration, which may be ameliorated but cannot be removed by political enfranchisement. Whilst in sympathy with the demand for the vote, Ellen Key is far from supposing that "the entrance of women into politics can signify the victory of the noble over the ignoble." It can exercise its full reforming power only if woman's motherhood is preserved, if she retains her intuitive and instinctive power and does not become masculinised. Only thus will she bring a really new factor into the social organism. It is a new gospel

which sounds singularly like the old, and is only redeemed from old-fashionedness by a conception of motherhood which recognises that it can be no sin from the point of view of the race if the young, sound and pure-minded become parents outside legal ceremonies, and that "a woman who through her illegitimate motherhood has lost nothing of her personal worth but on the contrary has proved it, does not forfeit social esteem."

M. Jean Finot, the author of *Les Préjugés des Races*, treats his subject more scientifically, but at the same time more emotionally, than the Swedish woman writer. But his science is more apparent than real, whilst his purple patches are rhetorical rather than impressive. He deals, for instance, at considerable length with sex-differences, such as sensibility to pain, the acuteness of various senses, the relative strength and duration of the passions, criminal instincts, and the like. These subjects, if treated scientifically at all, require to be examined at great length, and the conclusions deduced must be based upon a great variety of instances. But M. Finot produces little or no evidence for many of his statements, which cannot, therefore, rank higher than mere popular generalisations. Thus he says that "physical excitements provoke reflexes more easily and more strongly in woman. This phenomenon is generally admitted." And he goes on to state that it has been scientifically confirmed by a number of machines, but gives us no sort of account of the number or nature of these experimental tests.

We feel that M. Finot is more at home when he allows himself a lyrical outburst, such as his final peroration on "The Future Woman." We are to admire the renewal of her beauty, the richness and infinite variety of her bloom.

> The sincere woman, acting and thinking in behalf of the city, will replace worthily the demon woman or the servant woman both dedicated to weakness and falsehood.

Again:

> Woman is equal to man. . . . From the intellectual, moral or physiological standpoint nothing authorises their gradation. . . . The aggrandisement of woman means that our own life will be broader, more intense, more divine. . . . The new woman is the Beatrice awaited for centuries. She will restore at last to the human race the harmony between the sexes so seriously compromised, the peace between the nations so ardently desired, and the happiness so long expected.

It remains only to add that both the translation of M. Finot's book by Mary J. Safford and that of Ellen Key's by Mamah Bouton Borthwick are smooth and adequate, but that Miss Borthwick's frequent use of the adjective "soulful" may provoke a few smiles, at any rate on this side of the Atlantic.

MRS. MEYNELL'S POEMS

Collected Poems of Alice Meynell. Burns & Oates. 5s. net.

Reserved, chastened, austere—these are the words which have been worn smooth by long use in the appreciation of Mrs. Meynell's poetry. The last verse of her own poem on *The Lady Poverty* seems at once to sum and to illustrate her distinctive graces:

> Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
> Not among modern kinds of men;
> But in the stony fields, where clear
> Through the thin trees the skies appear,
> In delicate spare soil and fen,
> And slender landscape and austere.

The restraint is not only of language, but of thought and emotion. It is not, perhaps, altogether a gain; for occasionally a simple thought puts on obscurity by mere force of being compressed and withheld. One remembers Goldsmith's coachman of *The Fame Machine*, who said of Johnson's Rambler, "Others have observed that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute." But the total effect is one of adequacy and power: when, as generally happens, the thought flashes clear or the emotion breaks strongly through, the gain from the surrounding restraint and reserve is an immeasurable one. Mrs. Meynell, of course, has to pay some of the penalties of being a classic. Like Pope in the eighteenth century, she suffers from her school. Though never widely popular, she has been much read by people who write; and the influence of her stirring and suggesting self-control is over whole classes of contemporary verse. The consequence is that, having noted the dangers of her method in other hands, we are over-quick to detect even in her own work places where, possibly, inspiration has flagged, and manner has degenerated into mannerism. Whether that ever happens, and, if so, where, must remain questions for individual opinion; but we cannot think that such lines as

> The light of lonely visions, and the gleam
> Of secret splendid sombre suns in dream

have the same immediacy as many others; and the whole poem in which they occur seems to us to carry a fine critical, rather than a beautiful poetic, idea. It is no disparagement, however, to say that in Mrs. Meynell the poet we are often conscious of Mrs. Meynell the critic—of the testing by right standards—of a careful perpetual appraisement, and a frequent scrupulous rejection. In Mrs. Meynell, as in some of the seventeenth-century "Metaphysicals," the criticism of self and of life is all-pervading. Nor does the affinity with the "Metaphysicals" end here. It is found in actual quaintness of conceit—sometimes scarcely more than quaint, sometimes of a searching beauty.

> I saw this people as a field of flowers,
> Each grown at such a price,
> The sum of unimaginable powers
> Did no more than suffice.

Might not that almost have been written by George Herbert? As in Donne and Herbert and Crashaw and Vaughan, the "witty" thought is often inextricably mixed with the religious fervour. *Christ in the Universe* gives expression to a strong outcry of the soul, but it contains a most intricate elaboration of epithet and suggestion. Every word is considered; there might even be held to be too much taking of thought in this:

> Of His earth-visiting feet
> None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
> The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
> Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

We turn to a lyric of the purest—a little poem in which every syllable sings, and throughout which the music is ordered to an exact emotional counterpart of the idea:

> Brief, on a flying night,
> From the shaken tower,
> A flock of bells take flight,
> And go with the hour.
>
> Like birds from the cote to the gales,
> Abrupt—O hark!
> A fleet of bells set sails,
> And go to the dark.
>
> Sudden the cold airs swing,
> Alone, aloud.
> A verse of bells takes wing
> And flies with the cloud.

Especially in the late poems, one cannot but be conscious of the shaping and restraining power which Mrs. Meynell'

religion exercises over her art. She has that curious intimacy with tremendous things, that touch at once adoring and familiar. *The Crucifixion* is somehow exultant in the very poignancy of its reverent sorrow: it comprehends the mystery of faith. A strong sense of indignation burns in the brief answer to that incomparably French saying: *Nous avons chassé ce Jésus-Christ.* A wide appeal to all religious feeling is made in the verses entitled *In Manchester Square.* We choose this for final quotation, rather than the famous *Renouncement* or *The Shepherdess*, because we feel that a certain wrong has been done to Mrs. Meynell's reputation by the special popularity of these two poems. Undoubtedly they are beautiful and typical; admittedly their writer's range is not a wide one; and inevitably, even within that range, there are inequalities. But the constant quotation of two poems to the exclusion, perhaps, of others, may give to many people the impression that Mrs. Meynell is a poet of few achievements; and that is by no means true. The *Collected Poems*, long desired and good to have, contain much that is noble, but nothing nobler, we believe, than this:

> The paralytic man has dropped in death
> The crossing-sweeper's brush to which he clung,
> One-handed, twisted, dwarfed, scanted of breath,
> Although his hair was young.
>
> I saw this year the winter vines of France,
> Dwarfed, twisted, goblins in the frosty drouth,
> Gnarled, crippled, blackened little stems askance,
> On long hills to the South.
>
> Great green and golden bands of leaves ere long
> Shall proffer clusters in that vineyard wide.
> And oh! his might, his sweet, his wine, his song,
> His stature, since he died!

RUNNING TO SEED

The Invincible Alliance, and Other Essays, Political, Social and Literary. By FRANCIS GRIERSON. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

"No one who sits at home," says Mr. Grierson, "can possibly realise what the great world movements are. They must be seen, heard, and sensed. To understand them we have to enter into their rhythmic action. It is not enough to read about them. All primitive, national movements are symbolical. They symbolise a greater, vaster future, and every act has a special significance." The remarks follow on a picture of Chinese emigrants, *Argonauts from the Celestial Empire in search of a new Golden Fleece*, seen on the Pacific in 1877; and clearly he announces himself as one who has travelled and "seen, heard, and sensed" the great world movements. "I see signs," the "day will come," and "We are at the close of a dispensation which has lasted for six hundred years," are phrases he likes. It is characteristic of him to introduce a view by saying, "If I know the world, and I think I do," and "Had I not known Paris under the Second Empire and followed with a critical eye the literary, political, social, and artistic schools and movements that have come and gone since 1869." In *The Psychology of Dress* he tells us how once upon a time he raised himself from obscurity to being "a personage and a power" by the help of a ring with a ruby. Other people, such as differ from him, he speaks of as "dreamers who do not understand the signs of the day, and who do not realise what is going on in the dominating centres of commerce and politics."

In addition to these unsolicited testimonials from himself, Mr. Grierson has several from Maeterlinck. But Maeterlinck, if respectable, is no infallible sponsor. What happens then is that we listen impatiently while he says in his disconnected way:

> We are now at the point when, leaving out many other considerations, we have to ask: Will nations be compelled to suppress materialism as they are suppressing consumption, or will the nations end in an orgy of crime?
>
> In former times men feared a God, and when they ceased to fear they still feared death. Shakespeare makes Hamlet soliloquise about the after-life, and he frankly admits that were he assured that death ends all he would put an end to his life with a "bare bodkin." No one can doubt the affinity existing between murder and suicide, both being, in many cases, the result of mingled scepticism and materialism.
>
> Germany is the hotbed of modern materialism, and in no other country are there so many suicides. . . .

We listen and ask whether the testimonials are sufficient to contradict the evidence of this loose, treacherous style. Albeit easy and omniscient, the style is not convincing. It is also quite possible to be in doubt as to the meaning, as when he says that "Shakespeare affixed his magic seal to the triumphs and tragedies of the whole Tudor dynasty," or that the writers of the Second Empire "lived in an Empire of creative thought, while the writers of the present (he means the Academicians) live in a Republic of vacillating and negative sentiment." What does he mean by saying that Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Maurice Barrès, and Marcel Prévost write for a people "not ready for the fundamental principles of sound democracy on the one hand, and not ripe for imperial ascendancy on the other"? It is all too magnificently and morbidly loose.

What we can admire is Mr. Grierson's gift for sentences like this:

> Mr. Shaw is not capering in a fool's paradise; he has the range of a new Garden of Eden, where he alone is the only regenerate Adam, and where from the tall tree tops of fruitarian delights he lets the cocoa-nuts of communistic conundrums crack on the bewildered heads of the bourgeoisie to give them the only taste of the milk of human kindness they will ever get at his hands; his humour is greater than his humanism.

There are a dozen or so of these, which will be remembered almost as long as the ease and omniscience of their surroundings. It is difficult to believe that the author of the *Valley of Shadows* wrote this book.

BERGSON AND EUCKEN

A New Philosophy—Henri Bergson. By EDOUARD LE ROY. Translated from the French by VINCENT BENSON, M.A.

An Examination of Professor Bergson's Philosophy. By DAVID BALSILLIE, M.A.

An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy. By W. TUDOR JONES, Ph.D.

All published by Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.

THE plague of books about philosophers shows no signs of abating. We have hardly recovered from the epidemic of Nietzsche when, lo! the air is thick with Bergson and the sky darkened again with a cloud of handbooks and summaries, expositions, critiques, compendia, appreciations, and quintessences. What is the reason? In the Neo-Hegelian days men slept in a comfortable trance. No one outside the universities was much interested in Green or Bosanquet, so few people wrote about them; it is unmannerly to write a book about your next-door neighbour. But when Nietzsche broke out, his readers could not resist the subtle flattery that those who read him are superior men; the public refused to believe it; and impotent rage had no other outlet but in print. The case of Bergson is rather different. His followers have seen the light. This appears to them such a remarkable thing, as indeed it is, that the temptation to discourse is not to be withstood. They do not

spit at us, as the Nietzscheans do; they reason with us cheerfully, copiously, and not without a certain unction. They feel that we needs must love the highest when we see it, and that it is their plain duty to call on us politely and persuasively to shut our eyes and open our mouths and see what Bergson will send us. This explains the crop of Bergson books to some extent, but an explanation does not abate a nuisance. A nuisance these books certainly are. Most of them are hasty and partial, containing almost nothing valuable which cannot be read in Bergson himself; they are nearly as expensive as the originals and infinitely less interesting.

M. Le Roy has not much that is new to say of Bergson, and he does not say the old particularly well. He is for the most part loose and somewhat vague. What, for instance, does he mean by urging us to "re-establish intuition in its original purity and resume contact with reality"? Must we enter by intuition into consciousness of the moving stream which our arbitrary and ill-judged prejudices see as solid objects? It is said, and this seems to throw some light upon the point, that in one of the later and less pleasant stages of intoxication, when the worm, to its regret, dieth not and the fire is not quenched, men perceive things in a state of flux and movement and becoming, in defiance of their usual geometrical habits and their desire to have things fixed. This, he says, is an instance. We cannot take that view, and the mystery is for us unsolved. M. Bergson, however, is very pleased with M. Le Roy, and authorises his book with compliments on its sympathy, originality, and truth; in indicating possible developments, M. Le Roy has said just what he himself would have said. This is very nice. Perhaps the book reads better in French than in a rather lax translation into English which is not always the King's, but sometimes that of our more rugged younger versifiers. We commend "irresumable" (not to be made a *résumé* of) and "the fluxes of reality and dynamic depths" to those stylists. A translator neglects his duty if he does not tone down the exuberances natural to another language to a pitch which his readers can comfortably reach. M. Le Roy could stand a good deal of this reducing process. Bergson's work, he says, marks a never-to-be-forgotten date in history and effects a revolution equal in importance to that effected by Socrates. This is amusing in view of M. Le Roy's just claim to have reached independently a rather similar position to Bergson's. He therefore has a double interest in this ecstasy of mutual congratulation. Surely complaisance to one's disciples may be carried too far.

Mr. Balsillie's work is certainly far better reading, and considerably more to Bergson's advantage. It is a careful criticism of his works, sharp and minute. Sometimes it shows a lack of sympathy which leads to misunderstanding; it is often dialectical, and now and then its points are merely verbal. But it is the kind of criticism which shows that the new philosophy is a very hard nut to crack, and that so far idealism has not made much impression on it. We should hardly guess from his panegyrists why Bergson has vivified the whole of contemporary thought, raised a new set of problems, and imparted interest even to the proceedings of the Aristotelian Society. It is certainly better to be criticised by Mr. Balsillie than to be praised by M. Le Roy in an English translation.

Eucken remains. Although his works are exceedingly numerous and several of them have been translated into English, we fancy that he has not many followers in this country. As a nation we are not partial to religious philosophy, and Eucken's interest is mainly religious; thought is a luxury, Bergson says, and towards this particular kind of thought we are positively ascetic. As far as mere philosophy goes, Eucken works on the antithesis between naturalism and idealism, but his own form of idealism is very different from absolute idealism, which he would probably hold to be an attenuated form of naturalism. The spiritual life is his principal concern, and we are told that hundreds of men who had lost their moral and spiritual bearings in life have found them by coming in contact with him. Mr. Jones is full of reverence for his subject; he oozes reverence for it; but he writes with a sort of oily cadence which does little to commend it. Certain minor excrescences appear. Why, for instance, need Kant be called the sage of Konigsberg? If anyone called us the sage of Surbiton we should dislike him.

SHORTER NOTICES

Training the Boy. By WILLIAM A. MCKEEVER. New York. The Macmillan Company.

In America, as in England, there is at the present time a very strong movement for raising the age up to which children are excluded from industry, and for protecting juvenile workers more effectively. But at the same time efforts are being made across the Atlantic, perhaps even more extensively than in this country, to introduce a "vocational" element into education. Perhaps it is understood more clearly in America than here that the primary object of such educational developments is not to make more efficient units for the industrial army. "Industrial training," says Professor McKeever, "must be thought of first of all as *cultural*, a form of discipline necessary for every boy or girl whom we may expect to live wisely and magnanimously." There is, one imagines, little doubt that in the course of the next twenty years public education, both in England and in America, will gradually succeed in arousing more genuine and spontaneous desire for self-expression among large numbers of the children who pass through the schools, just because it is gradually coming to grips more effectively with the springs of human action. But what will be the attitude of a generation of young men and women trained to find delight in manual skill of one kind or another towards the narrow tasks to which many of them are allotted by the modern industrial system? One hopes that at last education will react upon industry, and that society will come to accept the truism that the work exists for man and not man for the work.

Professor McKeever's book is hardly a systematic treatise, but rather a series of discursive essays. It touches upon subjects, such as toys for infant children and the moral effect of the "fraternities" in American universities, which are at the extreme ends of the problem of "training the boy." The portions of the book dealing with training through manual activities and with recreation are the most interesting. On the subjects of tobacco and alcohol Professor McKeever will seem to most English readers to step unnecessarily from a legitimate desire to protect youth into an indiscriminate puritanism. Nor does the fact that a "moderate smoker," by investing all the money he would spend in cigars, could in sixty-one years accumulate $118,924.26 really assist in convicting us of sin. But throughout the book Professor McKeever interests by revealing American points of view and aspirations, even where he fails to convince. There are a considerable number of illustrations, which are on the whole well chosen.

The Practical Side of Small Holdings. By JAMES LONG. The Nation's Library. Collins. 1s. net.

We are afraid that if Professor Long's advice were acted upon there would be many fewer small holdings in England, for he tells us "thin chalk, sand, gravel, brick earth," and "heavy clay" (page 101) should be "left severely alone." Indeed, had the Professor followed his own advice he would never have founded the Newdigate small holdings, which he seems proud to have done, for these are on heavy clay. We would point out to him that parts of the Evesham district sustains many a small holder on heavy clay; and that there are heathland holdings around Verwood which are of sand over a clay subsoil. Mr. Long seems out of touch with the more recent development of small holdings in England, and his book is made up largely of chapters on soils, manures, live stock, much of which we seem to have read before. The book lacks continuity and becomes dull by repetition. The bibliography is a careless piece of book-making. Books on general farming, even the author's own, should have been excluded to make way for books which deal specifically with the subject. The author does not seem to be aware that, though the "great feature of the small holding legislation is the fact that County Councils are permitted to encourage and assist," no County Council has gone out of its way to promote co-operation. He confuses letting land to co-operative societies with

assisting small holders to co-operate in buying and selling. He performs, however, a useful social service in pointing out that small holders keep a larger number of cows, pigs and horses per acre than large farmers; and whilst on farms of over 300 acres only 2·6 persons are employed per 100 acres, on small holdings under five acres no less than 13·4 persons find employment. The pity of it all is that those who are most qualified to work a small holding are prevented from doing so by the want of capital.

The Belief in Personal Immortality. By E. S. P. HAYNES. Inquirer's Library. Watts & Co. 9d.

This is a terse and well-proportioned summary of the case against personal immortality, and a sketch of the history of human opinion on the subject. In spite of its limitations as to size, and the solemnity of its subject, the little manual has a distinctive and pungent personality, and is full of the joy of battle. There is not a superfluous word in it; indeed, the whole chapter on Psychical Research and the case for re-incarnation might with advantage have been elaborated. Minor points of interest are the summary of the teaching of Pomponazzi, one of the most important and least well known personages of the Renaissance, and also some appalling quotations from both Catholic and Puritan theologians, illustrating the seamy side of Christian dogma. The book ends with a fine plea for courage and veracity, and for doing all the good we can, here and now. It is useful and interesting; it is not, and does not pretend to be, impartial.

There is one omission that will probably impair its usefulness to the very busy readers of most Rationalist Press publications: a bibliography would have been more handy for reference than any list of authorities in the index or as footnotes.

The Westminster Library of Fiction. *Cardigan.* By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. *By Order of the Company.* By MARY JOHNSTON. *Dorothea: a Story of the Pure in Heart.* By MAARTEN MAARTENS. *The Good Comrade.* By UNA L. SILBERRAD. *The Blazed Trail.* By STEWART E. WHITE. Constable, 3s. 6d. each.

This new series makes an auspicious beginning with a batch of five favourites, each of which has already succeeded in extracting a goodly toll of re-editions and new impressions from a public overfed with the excess of novels. They have, moreover, the common characteristic of an ample length—they do not go on for ever and ever as do *Jean Christophe* and the persevering works of Mr. William De Morgan—but he who would absorb the whole of one of this series at a single sitting must travel fast and skip often. A mere novel-reader may query the wisdom of the re-issue of six-shilling novels at so comparatively high a price, but no doubt Messrs. Constable will reap their reward in the holiday season when we all take down to the seaside the books we think we ought to have read when they first appeared, but didn't.

The Presence of the Kindly Patriarch. By RAYMOND TAUNTON. Fifield. 2s. net.

This little story should appeal to every one of those thousands who applauded *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, for, if the events are different, the spirit is identical. And it is the spirit, too, of another even more popular work where Scrooge appears and is converted. But here is no conversion, for the author knows this cannot be brought about by mere exhibition, however thrilling. The chief character does not ask Socratic questions of everybody, and sets traps for nobody. He is no showman; he merely suggests possibilities, and in the hands of an imaginative author these are fascinating.

Noble Pages from German History. By F. J. GOULD. Williams & Norgate. 1s. 6d. net.

The apparent object of this book is to develop in the very young a spirit friendly to Germany and opposed to war. To this end pleasant little stories are told about the greater Germans in a manner neither Smilesian nor yet of the Sunday Schools, and illustrated suitably.

The New World of the South: Australia in the Making. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D. Smith, Elder. 6s.

A lurid account of the early days of the colony, dealing with the early explorations, the racial conflicts, and the convict settlements. The author appears to have enjoyed most the writing of the last part of his book, "Lawless Lives and Days," in which the records of Australia's most notorious criminals are handled with admiration and almost with reverence.

With the Fleet: Studies in Naval Life. By FILSON YOUNG. Grant Richards. 1s. net.

These half-dozen short articles reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* are written with Mr. Filson Young's usual outpour of effects, and are of a nature guaranteed to stir up the most phlegmatic.

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Industrial Germany. By W. H. Dawson. The Nation's Library. Collins. 1s. net.

Mr. W. H. Dawson has throughout a quarter-century proved himself an unrivalled exponent of German development. *Industrial Germany* is inclined to be over-statistical, but is otherwise an admirable guide-book to the country's organization in matters imperial, commercial and industrial.

Labour and Industry in 1913. John Murray. 1s. net.

This little volume is a reprint of a series of articles which appeared recently in *The Times*, dealing with the condition of trade, with wages and prices, the psychology of employers and employed, and the general outlook. It throws no new light on these questions, and advances no new theories; but it is well-informed, and unmarred by violent partisanship or prejudice. Its significance lies mainly in the point of view of the writer, which is typical, on the one hand, of a large section of fair-minded British citizens who want "peace with honour" in the industrial world, and, on the other hand, of a smaller, but growing, section who see that such peace can be patched up only by some sacrifices on the part of the capitalist. For it is over the body of the "ordinary workman" that the fight will be waged—"the ordinary workman," who, as these articles suggest and as reformers must sorrowfully agree, only "wants what most people want, and that is a bit more than he has got—a little more money, a little more comfort and leisure, a little more amusement, a little more freedom, and a little more security." Ease the shoe whenever it pinches, and Capital may sleep comfortably in its bed of roses. This is sound practical advice to employers, which few of them will probably be wise enough to take. But the hope of those who desire something better than a truce of Mammon between masters and men does not lie simply in the probable blindness of the employers. There is another factor whose importance *The Times* writer has, we think, under-estimated—that other section of the working-class comprising the "young intellectuals," as he calls them. They are, he admits, "expanding in activity and numbers with the new generation." But their expansion means a corresponding diminution of the duller mass. Their leaven is working very steadily in the lump, and not all the prudence in the world on the part of employers will arrest the process, slow maybe but sure, of educating the "ordinary workman" into a diviner discontent.

THE CITY

THE position of the stock markets is at present most anomalous. The general political outlook is undoubtedly better. Peace has been signed, and it looks as though the Allies will, more or less unwillingly, come to terms without fighting among themselves, and even if they do start a war on their own account, it is not likely that any of the Powers will be dragged in. In spite of all this, markets are very depressed, and prices have fallen to a level which seems wholly unjustified by the actual position. It is difficult to discover any single cause for this depression; it seems to be the result of a feeling of general *malaise*. In Europe, money which in the ordinary course of events would have been employed in the purchase of investment securities, has been hoarded as a result of the nervousness engendered by the Balkan trouble. A few weeks ago a more confident feeling prevailed, and a large number of new issues were offered to the public, the total offered in London during May having been the highest ever recorded for that month. Some of these issues went well, but the public did not continue to respond, and underwriters have become congested. Industry continues active throughout Europe, which is a very good thing, but is not favourable to the stock markets, because manufacturers and traders are employing their funds in their own businesses instead of investing them. The crop outlook in the principal agricultural countries is excellent, which is also gratifying, for it means that countries like Canada and Argentina will have no difficulty in producing sufficient to give more than a good return on the

millions which Europe is supplying for their development. The usual rumours have been in circulation as to various financial houses being in difficulties, but the only foundation appears to be the failure of a firm of jobbers specialising in foreign railway stocks. If the fall continues, some other similar firms may also find themselves in difficulties, but nothing serious is likely. It is impossible to say whether prices have yet reached their lowest level, but this much is certain—that *bona-fide* investors who buy intrinsically good stocks at present prices are purchasing on more favourable conditions than have been possible during the last decade or two, and they should certainly see much higher prices within the next twelve or eighteen months.

* * *

The following are examples showing the high rate of interest that can be obtained on high-class securities. Among Trustee stocks, Belfast Corporation 3½ per cent. Loan, repayable 1940, at its present price of 88 (which includes three months' dividend, payable July 1st) yields £4 per cent., without counting the profit of £12 per £100 when it comes to be paid off at par in 1940. The Madras and Southern Mahratta Company, Ltd., 4 per cent. Debentures, which enjoy the absolute guarantee of the Indian Government, and are a full Trustee security, can be bought at 99 to yield £4 1s. 6d. per cent. Another stock, which is not a Trustee security, but almost of the same class, is the Metropolitan Railway Surplus Lands Stock, which at its present price of 64 yields £4 7s. 6d. per cent. Although a British railway company stock, it can be recommended, because its prosperity is not in any way dependent upon the capacity of its management to run a railway, but rests wholly upon the value of lands belonging to the company, which are nearly all freehold, and include much valuable property in the City. For 1912 2¾ per cent. was paid on this stock, and as leases fall in and are renewed at a higher rental this rate should gradually be increased.

* * *

For higher yields the Brazil Government 5 per cent. Loan, which was such a fiasco a few weeks ago, can be bought at 94¾, which represents a discount of 2¼ per cent. on the issue price. As the underwriters' commission only amounted to 1¾ per cent., those who sell at the present price are doing so at a loss. On this figure the return to the purchaser is £5 8s. per cent. Another Government loan, which, if anything, is superior to that of Brazil, is the recently issued Chilian Northern Railway 5 per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures. These are absolutely guaranteed by the Chilian Government, and the double security—viz., that of the railway itself and of the Government—renders this loan attractive. It also is at a discount—viz., 1¼ per cent. below the issue price—and at its present price of 94¾ returns £5 5s. 6d. per cent. Still more attractive purchases are to be found among the list of American, Canadian, and Argentine securities, some of which will be mentioned next week.

* * *

Practically every division of the Stock Exchange shows a decline in prices, but a marked fall has occurred in the securities of the Underground Electric Railways Co. of London, Ltd. This company is the well-known combine which controls all the London tube and underground railways (except the Metropolitan, the Great Northern and City, and the City and Waterloo), as well as the London United Tramways and the London General Omnibus Company. The fall is probably due to gradual recognition of the fact—which the well-informed have known for some time past—that the omnibus side of the undertaking is not so profitable as it was a year ago. There are too many omnibuses on the streets, and the high price of petrol is causing an unpleasant rise in the working costs. Against this, the other properties of the combine are doing very well, and the underlying idea of any such combination is that by concentrating under one control a number of different London traffic concerns a certain equalisation of aggregate results is brought about. So far as the shares of the company are concerned, on which no dividends have yet been paid, the fall in price appears justified, for it does not seem probable that a dividend will be forthcoming for the next year or two. The fall in the 6 per cent. Income Bonds, however, appears to me to have been overdone. This has for some time past been a popular investment with those looking for a high yield. The company only commenced to pay the full 6 per cent. last February; but as at the last general meeting, held so recently as February 24th last, Sir Edgar Speyer, the chairman, said, "We should not have paid the full rate unless we felt reasonably certain to maintain this distribution," the company should continue to pay 6 per cent. The form in which such a statement is made by a responsible person is well weighed in advance, and one is justified, therefore, in regarding it as an indication of value. In these circumstances, therefore, the 6 per cent. Income Bonds of the Underground Electric Railways, which at their present price of 89½ give the high return of £6 14s. 6d. per cent., appear an attractive purchase for mixing with other investments of a higher grade. A high-yielding stock of this sort is not a suitable investment for a person of small means who has to place his all in one or two stocks, but if mixed with four or five other securities, in order to increase the average yield, it seems rather attractive.

EMIL DAVIES.

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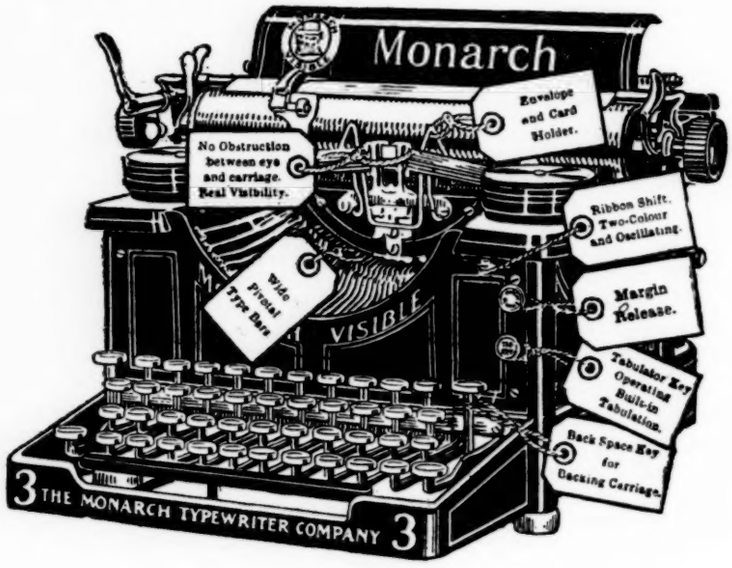

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